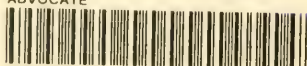






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VERSES FROM THE  
HARVARD ADVOCATE

THIRD SERIES 1886-1906





Dulce est periculum

# VERSES

FROM THE

## HARVARD ADVOCATE

THIRD SERIES

1886-1906



Thy son, thy servant, dearest Mother mine,  
Lays this poor offering on thy holy shrine, —  
Would that my tribute worthier were of thee.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes, '29*

CAMBRIDGE  
THE HARVARD ADVOCATE

1906

Veritas nihil veretur

W-5-14

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TO  
THE FOUNDERS OF THE ADVOCATE  
THE CLASS OF '67  
AND TO  
FORTY LOYAL ADVOCATE BOARDS

VERSES FROM THE HARVARD ADVOCATE. 1866-1876.

NEW VERSES FROM THE HARVARD ADVOCATE: SECOND SERIES. 1876-1886.

STORIES FROM THE HARVARD ADVOCATE. 1866-1896.

VERSES FROM THE HARVARD ADVOCATE: THIRD SERIES. 1886-1906.

## PREFACE

THIS volume marks the fortieth year of the *Harvard Advocate* and is the fourth *Advocate* anthology. The first book of verse was published in 1876, the second in 1886. The third volume, issued in 1896, was a collection of stories. It is the hope of the editors, past and present, that at the end of each decade there may be an *Advocate* book.

The verses in this volume are selected from the *Advocates* of the last twenty years. It is thought that they are not discreditable either to the writers or to Harvard. If there shines a spark of genius here and there, so much the better. But the verses need show little of the divine fire to be significant to Harvard men ; for through the youthful numbers of the undergraduate the eye of affection may discern somewhat of the Harvard spirit.

MAY 11, 1906.



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## PART I

We find her at her stately door, and in her ancient chair,  
Dressed in the robes of red and green she always loved to wear.  
Her eye has all its radiant youth, her cheek its morning flame;  
We drop our roses as we go, hers flourish still the same.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, '29.



“FORSAN ET HAEC ”

WE are not beggars after praise, —  
We pipers of the meagre years ;  
But children of the elder days  
Who caught the whisper of the spheres :

Who heard the trumpet-call of time  
And strove to swell it forth in song,  
Who strove to turn the sounding rhyme  
Which healeth wounds and righteth wrong.

O Mystic Mother of us all —  
The Art we found divinely fair !  
Before thine ancient shrine we fall  
Who are unmeet to worship there.

The wavering notes are high and thin ;  
O judge us not alone by these !  
Let those who kept the purpose win  
The right to gather at thy knees.

PERCY ADAMS HUTCHISON, '98.

## BANISHED

Addressed to a Dear Friend in Temporary Enforced Retirement in a Suburban Nook : ad Kal. Mart.

*"Banished from Rome? What 's banished but set free?"*

CATILINE.

DEAR TOM : And so the Faculty  
Has sentenced you by stern decree  
To pass the springtime in duress —  
A hermit in the wilderness.  
Too bad ! Too bad ! Yet, not *all* bad,  
'T is worse on us than you, egad !  
*Our* days will be in longing spent ;  
*Yours*, in continual merriment.  
For us, foul streets and snow and mud,  
For you, trees bursting into bud ;  
For us, the midnight oil and so forth,  
For you, the boat-house, whence you row forth  
For midnight wanderings on the lake,  
While heads in Cambridge throb and ache ;  
For us, the city-ruined Spring,  
For you, the soft winds murmuring  
Over green meadows stuck with daisies ;  
For us, the recitation's mazes,  
For you, the sound of hoof-beats ringing  
Through shady lanes where birds are singing ;  
For us, a scorching sun which burns  
Rather than warms ; for you, dark ferns  
And cooling brooks, and banks of moss  
On which your wearied limbs to toss.  
Don't mind the pretended punishment —  
The stupid Faculty but meant  
To show how far their power went  
By slaughtering the innocent :  
But all their wiles are set at naught,  
If banished Tommy, as he ought,



Riot in the exile they have ordered,  
And call it virtue well-rewarded.  
Spite them, my Tom, and laugh! Hang sorrow!  
We 'd join you, if we could, to-morrow.

LLOYD MCKIM GARRISON, '88.

### AT THE GAME

"I 'M so awfully vexed," she poutingly said,  
Tho' smiles 'round her rosy lips hover,  
"I 've just made the silliest bet in the world,  
If it was n't with Jack, I would cover.  
He wagered a kiss on the orange and black,  
And I on the crimson to-day.  
But the baseness of man, do you see what he 's done?  
The rogue 's bound to win either way."

CARLETON HUNNEMAN, '89.

## TO CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE broad blue river gleams and runs  
Beside the old provincial town,  
A-dreaming through its summer suns  
Where dark-wood barrier hills look down.

A web of green and saffron ply  
On lofty looms the elms have made,  
Against the noon uplifted high,  
To cool the drowsing streets with shade.

And every way you wander there,  
Like strange recurrent rays of dream,  
Down the long aisles in azure air  
Flashes the town-engirdling stream.

Where the low banks are broad and green,  
A mellow music sinks and swells,  
As hour by hour slips out between  
The chime of low cathedral bells.

And here *With Reed and Lyre* I read ;  
And walked the shady Square again,  
Where Harvard bows his scholar's head  
In musing for his fellow-men.

I see the quiet book-shelved aisles,  
Where hearts in reverent thought should bow,  
Where "drowsy-lidded silence smiles,"  
And the great dead are gathered now.

And as you lead I seem to know  
Your friends of those imperial hearts,  
Who "in the twilight's crimson glow"  
Thus smile to teach their godlike arts.

Theocritus with master-hand  
To weave Sicilian Asphodels,  
Would make you well to understand  
The hint of waving blossom-bells.

Who smiles so tenderly above  
His red-cross armor, shows the way,  
With spotless song and deathless love,  
To follow Geoffrey, Prince of Blaye.

And one moves there, more nearly known,  
At last with daylight on his face,  
Round whom the night was rudely blown  
Ere he should come unto this place.

Here too came Love into a dream  
To paint for you a single head  
In beauty poised, whose heart should seem  
“The tear a holy angel shed!”

Such is the hour of life you give  
A nameless reader in the throng,  
Whose heart is dearly set to live  
A lover true of English song.

BLISS CARMAN, G. S.

## NOT AT THE BALL

### VILLANELLE

I sit in my room and grind ;  
There 's a ball in town to-night ;  
To all but my books I 'm blind.

So Fancy is close confined  
To a lowly, studious flight ;  
I sit in my room and grind.

And, though there comes to my mind  
A vision than books more bright,  
To all but my books I 'm blind.

But oft it returns, I find ;  
And, with thoughts too vagrant quite,  
I sit in my room and grind.

Spite of me now I 'm enshrined ;  
Before me my vision of light,  
To all but my books I 'm blind ?

No ! Books I fling to the wind ;  
For while she 's here, who could write  
" I sit in my room and grind —  
To all but my books I 'm blind " ?

MARK ANTONY DEWOLFE HOWE, JR., '87.

## IN COLLEGE — THOUGH MARRIED

DEAR READER: Have you ever thought  
How awful it must be  
To go through college with a wife  
And children two or three?  
I fancy if you have, perhaps  
You'll sympathize with me.

I'm bound to rise at six o'clock  
To tend to household cares  
And call the cook — for breakfast — lest  
I should be late for prayers;  
My wife insists I ought to go —  
To help fill up the chairs.

Of course, I live outside the yard,  
Thus missing all the fun  
Of "gagging" proctors, "ragging" signs,  
Or making fellows "run" —  
Whatever that may be, I know  
It's something often done.

And when the college day is o'er,  
You'd think I might be free  
To sit in quiet with my wife —  
But call some day and see  
Me trot not only Homer but  
*A baby on each knee.*

HOPELESS, '90.

CHARLES JACOB LIVINGOOD, '88.

## THE SKULL ENSCONCED IN A COLLEGE ROOM

WHO was it once ; what was its name and story ?

Alas, a sealed-up book we none can read ;

For time has covered up whate'er of glory,

Whate'er of pain that made his heart to bleed.

For him alike are pain and sorrow o'er.

Trouble on earth can come to him no more.

None living now can tell us aught about him ;

We look half shuddering at the vacant eye.

Ah ! was there one who loved and did not doubt him,

Who parted from him oft-times with a sigh ?

Was her life filled with pain, or joy sublime ?

What was the drama of that olden time ?

And when he died, did gentle care attend him ?

Did hope, and friends, and youth allure him here ?

Or was death kind, and did it thus befriend him ?

Was there not one to shed for him a tear ?

Perhaps, sometimes, the witching hour of night

Could horrid tales unfold to your charmed sight.

Senseless, dull, and dead the empty skull is.

What if some day the senses should come back ?

If words should issue thro' that dread portcullis

And sound in a grim utterance thro' the black

Of night, with freezing terror in its tones :

" What you are, *I* was once ; — behold, these bones ! "

Weirdly fantastic you may decorate him ;

The years will pass, and die you shall and must.

Think of yourself a skull, would you not hate him,

Who in a tennis cap arrayed your dust ?

That glance from sightless eyes your heart would freeze,

If, thro' those glasses, you knew all he sees.

What if that skull, so silent, ghastly, fearful,  
Laughs at the dead of night, and knows your fate !  
Thinks of your future also : — Oh ! how cheerful !  
Knows just how many years you 'll have to wait.  
How many phantom fingers does he tell it on,  
Counting the time ere you become a skeleton ?

LLOYD MCKIM GARRISON, '88.

## THE ANNEX MAID

### IN FANCY

HAGGARD and weary, pale and wan,  
Painfully studying on and on,  
Swift chimes the midnight and still the light gleams,  
Greek roots and dark symbols entangle its beams ;  
'Neath the shade dark and grim glares the spectacled eye,  
From those lips thin and pinched comes a dolorous sigh,  
For the maiden is weary of grinding.

### IN REALITY

Slyly pretending to study so hard,  
Playfully twirling her last summons card,  
"What a fine afternoon, just the time for a lark,  
How I wish some nice man would take pity — but, hark !  
There 's Jack with his buggy." Off trip the light feet,  
And away speeds the vision, so fair and so sweet,  
Of that maiden a-weary of grinding.

CARLETON HUNNEMAN, '89.

## MEMORIAL TOWER

THE whole world drowns in the quiet power  
    Of summer moonlight. City, village, farm, —  
    All common things are sunk beneath the charm ;  
And dreams of the immortal throng the hour.  
And lo, mute witness of our life, yon tower  
    Rises to heaven in a nightly tryst ;  
    White, like a phantom folded in the mist,  
As if it had eternity for dower.

And thus at last when all the froth of strife  
    Is long subsided in the wake of time,  
    And we are fled like billows on the sea,  
Immortal moonlight shall recall our life  
    And with its silver sheen like winter rime  
    Shall merge our memories with eternity.

JOHN CORBIN, '92.



## THE YARD IN DECEMBER

THE pale, transparent Autumn mists  
With wide-spread arms the Yard enfold,  
And through the dusk the windows gleam  
Into the night like ruddy gold.  
The elms their ceaseless vigil hold  
And drone their mournful, deep refrain  
Of sorrow as the Autumn dies  
And Winter tempests come again.

And in the silent evening dusk,  
When through the mists the lamp-lights glow,  
And down the tree-arched paths dark forms  
Like phantoms of the twilight go,  
The towering ivy-mantled walls  
Loom dark against the mists of white,  
And all the Yard is folded in  
The beauty of a Winter night.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE, '04.

## A VERY USUAL STORY

### *The Water Lily (loquitur)*

THE sun was muffling up the hills in shadows,  
My lips the water kissed, so sweetly chill,  
I heard the whisper of the drowsy meadows,  
I drank the fanning zephyrs of the hill.

The day was full of dreamy, dying sweetness,  
Blushing like maiden at her love's good-by,  
I heard a tinkling sound of rippling fleetness,  
And the water's dimpling, swishing, soothing sigh.

A birch canoe came rustling o'er the shallows,  
It bore with gentle ease a new-met pair.  
Contented? Yes; for she ate white marsh-mallows,  
And he was — oh ! so happy to be there !

His name was Jones. "Of Harvard?" asked the lady.  
"Oh, yes," he answered with a nervous smile.  
"So glad," she fibbed, "for Princeton is so shady,  
And old New Haven 's dead a long, long while."

She seemed sincere ; so he looked up quite proudly.  
His heart, I fancy, pitapatted loudly.

### *The Rose (loquitur)*

Warm was the room, bright was the air,  
The orchestra was playing Strauss,  
The belles and beaux were whirling there.  
I flaunted in her chestnut hair,  
Just come from Thorley's New York house.

And "Jones" was on the card I'd borne,  
A crimson bow had clasped my throat ;

But bow was slighted, card was torn,  
While only pale-blue silk was worn  
That night, say I, who know 't.

Her dance-card one laconic name  
Was tediously scribbled o'er —  
For polkas, waltzes, all the same —  
'T was "Smith of Yale." I heard her claim  
That Cambridge was an awful bore.

He well believed ; her eyes looked true ;  
I'll say, *en passant*, they were blue.

ENVOY

The flowers' tale is told,  
Let's point this pointless prattle.  
You've read the fable old  
Of beasts' and birds' grim battle,  
And how the bat received the shoulder cold ?

Old truisms are mellow :  
This maid of changing hue  
Has wed a Princeton fellow,  
And (sad as it is true)  
She now can't choose but wear the Black and Yellow.

CHARLES WARNER SHOPE, '94.

## JOE JOHNSON'S CAREER AT HARVARD

JOE JOHNSON went to college  
Because the men he knew  
Had either gone to college,  
Or were now intending to.  
And Joe Johnson did at college  
What he thought was fun to do.

He had a predilection  
For the deadly cigarette,  
He had looked in fond affection  
On the wine when it was wet,  
So he very shortly found himself  
Exceeding deep in debt.

Then Johnson flunked the Finals,  
And his general health was bad,  
And his creditors kept asking  
For more than Johnson had ;  
But Johnson was a coward  
So he did n't tell his dad.

But his antics for the Faculty  
Had lost their novel smack,  
So Joe Johnson left Fair Harvard  
With a very patent lack  
Of health, and wealth, and morals,  
Not intending to come back.

He had only gone to college  
Because it was the style,  
And had acted like an idiot  
With all the rank and file,  
So he had a very great old time  
A very little while.

“ Well, it ’s going to the Devil,  
Or confession and remorse,”  
Said he, and tossed a quarter  
To decide his future course : —  
And it rather pleased Joe Johnson  
That the Devil won the toss.

HENRY BREVOORT EDDY, ’94.

### IN TENEBRIS

THE clocks chime midnight, yet the lamps are lighted  
In rooms where men with blinking eyes, and brain  
Made stupid by the unaccustomed strain  
Of grinding, toil o’er notes of lectures slighted,  
Yearning to sleep, yet out of sleep affrighted  
By thoughts of garish day, — and the keen pain  
Of fancying this labor may be vain,  
And hopes of passing all unkindly blighted.

A dreariness, as of chill Pluto’s realms,  
Broods over all, and sense of countless woes ;  
The night-wind troubling the leafless elms,  
Seems sighing of cut lectures, — lost degrees ;  
And Nature wakeful mourns the bitter throes  
Of Harvard in her Mid-year miseries.

MORTIMER OLIVER WILCOX, ’91.

## THE SAGA OF LAKE

I AM the great Lake,  
Harvard's pet half-back,  
Smasher of rush-lines,  
Maimer of heroes ;  
Where I go blood flows,  
Noses are broken,  
Rushers roll writhing,  
Grim is the slaughter ;  
Vainly men tackle,  
Vainly would stay me,  
I the Bull-Headed,  
I the Pile-Driver,  
The Fearless, the Tough One,  
Plough on undaunted,  
Shouting my war-cry.  
Thor in his cloud car  
Chuckles to see me  
Bucking the centre,  
Winning my five yards :  
I am the great Lake,  
Harvard's pet half-back,  
Nightmare to Yale men.

MORTIMER OLIVER WILCOX, '91.

## THE HARVARD BELL

HEAR the recitation bell,  
Brazen bell !  
What a dreary, weary hour its rhythmic throbs foretell !  
From the tower on Harvard Hall  
Comes its irksome lecture-call  
In a melancholy clang,  
With a bumping, brassy bang,  
From the ugly tower tall  
On the top of Harvard Hall.  
How it says that for a sour and voluminous long hour  
We shall delve  
On History 12  
In the Grind-infested bower !  
How it shrieks !  
How it creaks !  
How the perspiration leaks  
From the deathly pallid face  
Of the Sport, whose hurried pace  
Echoes round  
On the ground !  
How he talks  
As he walks !  
Hear him curse  
In language terse  
At the horrid Harvard bell,  
Grinding out sweet Leisure's knell !  
At the bell, bell, bell,  
He says, " Hell, Hell, Hell ! "  
At the brawling, bumptious banging of the bell.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON, '95.

## TO SOME PROFESSORS

WE have seen Wisdom afar off, through the light of a thousand camp-fires ;  
The jeweled finger of the morning, through the valley-mist, has pointed us to it.  
But ye have bound about our eyes the bandage of Tradition  
With a strangling knot, a knot that cannot be broken.  
We have heard in the gloom where the forest waits, the champing and the neighing of horses,  
And we have longed to bestride them ; to ride on them off to the silver hills of the morning ;  
The sea has been beating all these evenings at our feet ; we have heard the roll of the surf of it  
Drumming along-shore ; and seen the white flash and boom of the spray shatter upon the headlands ;  
And we have longed for a trial of strength with the waves of it ; buffeting, shouting furiously, flinging our arms about,  
Letting the sunlight of God strike keen down into our souls  
— And to laugh even in the teeth of the boisterous waters ; and to say,  
“ This is God’s sea, and he made it. This is God’s sky, and this is God’s own strength that is in me.”  
Often upon a June day have we longed to throw our shoulders back in the sunlight,  
And look up into heaven, and stride onward,  
With the crisp, firm crackle of gravel under our feet,  
And the birds singing loudly and rarely in the bushes beside us.  
But ye, — ye, who are the People, with whom the wisdom shall die, —  
Ye have kept it all from us ; and led us through bog-lands  
Under cypresses, dark and funereal,  
A malevolent road, amid fungus and lichens, and pools of ill-savor ;  
We have not seen the glorious face of the Sun, for the thickets around us ;  
We have not heard the wild cry of the startled plover flinging her way over the moorland ;  
The keen winds of God have not blown harrowing home to us,



We have not understood the mighty appeal of the rocks standing cold  
and gray and lifeless,  
— The vacant look of them ! yet how eloquent as is a human eye ! —  
All this have ye concealed from us, this ye never have told us.  
Ask we the reason ? It is because  
Ye never have known it yourselves, — and we pity you therefor.  
Yea, we, who know so little of your numerals, formulæ, algebra,  
Rules, and tabulations, and savage, vengeful delight  
In the mere piling and massing of fact upon fact ;  
*We pity you*, — you who never have known  
Of the tears of history, — loves of history ;  
Never have felt the burning soul and the hot bosom of your brother  
Rameses there  
Laid close to your own ; never have met Socrates with the thrill of a  
handshake ;  
Never have heard Goethe crying about his selfishness ;  
You who fondly prefer the creaking of the wheels of your own little  
fact-laden chariots  
To the music of the spheres and the sound of the stars singing in  
their glory,  
*We pity you !*

FULLERTON LEONARD WALDO, '98.

# THE BALLAD OF THE OVER-CONFIDENT POLLYWOG

A FABLE FOR FRESHMEN

WITHIN a pleasant shaded pool,  
Which nestled in a dell,  
As happy as he well could be,  
A pollywog did dwell.  
He played with minnows all day long,  
And thought he was a fish,  
Until he saw a small boy swim ;  
Then Woggles wished a wish :

“ I wish I had a pair of legs  
(I ’m now all tail and head),  
I want to be like other boys ; ”  
He then swam into bed.  
When on the morrow he awoke  
His tail wagged fast for joy, —  
He found he had two strong hind legs,  
And thought he was a boy.

Then Woggles cut his minnow friends  
And tried to tilt his nose,  
And when the boys came out to swim  
He bumped against their toes.  
But soon a handsome fisherman  
Came strolling down the sands ;  
When Woggles saw him casting flies  
He wished a pair of hands.

Within two days he ’d grown two arms,  
And on each arm a hand.  
That pool seemed far too mean for him ;  
He crawled out on the land.  
His bosom heaved and swelled with pride.  
Said he : “ I ’m lord of all,  
I get whatever I desire.”  
(His pride soon had a fall.)

His tail dropped off at his command,  
He thought his power immense ;  
But with such measure of success  
Came over-confidence.  
He lay one day upon a rock,  
Observing men and things,  
He saw the swallows sweeping wide  
And wished a pair of wings.

Next morning without making sure  
That wings had grown that night,  
He called a crowd to watch him fly,  
And gloried in his might.  
Then, climbing up a precipice,  
He jumped ; and when he struck,  
Poor Woggles, bruised and sad at heart,  
Was swallowed by a duck.

MORAL

Ye Freshmen who would make your mark<sup>•</sup>  
(A goodly thing to do),  
Do not, through confidence, bite off  
Too much for you to chew.  
But rather ape the elephant,  
And tread his path to fame.  
That creature "has no wings at all,  
But gets there just the same."

FLOYD READING DuBOIS, '01.

## THE RETURN

BACK from the Christmas vacation  
To the cosy old chambers once more, —  
My hands are chock-full of bundles,  
Say, Jack, won't you unlock the door?

Looks just the same as I left it —  
I did n't clear up very straight;  
Got in rather late then from Charlie's,  
And — Jack, start the fire in the grate.

How's that for a pillow, old fellow?  
Lay it up straight in the chair.  
What shall I do with the other?  
\* Oh, chuck that old thing anywhere.

Resolutions? Yes. Grind for the Mid-year's;  
No theatres, no billiards, nor pool.  
But there's something, old man, I must tell you, —  
I suppose I'm an almighty fool.

'T was the first night at home that I met her,  
She had run down from "Smith" with Irene.  
Well — a week's a long time, dear old fellow,  
To get a girl's "yes" at nineteen.

About Grace! Jove, I'd nearly forgot her!  
What's the time? Nearly eight! Call a hack.  
For you know, Jack, I promised to call there  
The *very first* night I got back.

T.

## TO HER PHOTOGRAPH

YOU 'RE smiling on me from your frame,  
Just as I 've seen you smile before ;  
And yet it is not just the same,  
For it can disappear no more.

Now though you should be far away,  
And I, alas, be feeling blue,  
This little print, forever gay,  
Will cheer me up with thoughts of you.

But then, perhaps you still may smile,  
When for a time I leave you here —  
Are just as pleasant all the while  
The Goody dusts your features dear.

And then — oh, melancholy thought —  
The same sweet picture may adorn  
The rooms of many another sport  
And smile on them when they 're forlorn.

CHARLES GREELY LORING, JR., '03.

## JUNE

CAMBRIDGE streets are deep in dust, silent, hot, and white ;  
Parching trees their branches stretch through the smothered night,  
Mind and soul are wandering far, — far on some cool lawn,  
Down the lamp-lit page my eyes trudge along till dawn.

## HISTORY, FABLE, AND RHYME

I was the herdsman Paris  
And loved with the love of a boy,  
When I whirled you off in my war-car,  
The wonder-sung Helen of Troy.

I was old reprobate Horace  
Tippling my wine in the shade ;  
You were my Aurea Pyrrha,  
My Flavia, golden-haired maid.

I was a Hunnish horseman,  
You were a Roman girl,  
When Attila plundered for booty,  
And I — for a dark brown curl.

I was a rime-bearded Viking  
Sailing from Vineland's shore,  
You were the maiden that tended  
My watch-fires on the Skaw.

I was a Saxon spearman  
And ravaged with bloody hand,  
Wooing the British maiden,  
Wasting her father's land.

I was Sir Galahad errant,  
You were the *Silver Maid*  
Riding behind on my saddle,  
Carolling down woodland glade.

I was the troubadour gallant  
Singing to ribboned guitar ;  
You were the trusting mistress  
Who welcomed me home from the war.

You are Titania the Fay Queen,  
For me — I am Bottom the ass.  
You sup on the dew from the poppy,  
I, on a sack of dry grass.

You are Miss Beatrix Esmond,  
With your ribbons and pearls on the stair,  
While I am poor, solemn-faced Harry,  
Watching the sun on your hair.

*You* are the Girl of the story  
In history, fable, and rhyme,  
*I* am the idling Junior —  
A-smoking my pipe to kill time.

LANGDON WARNER, '03.

## YARD ROOMS

'T is in the Yard convenience suits the price,  
They have two kinds of water — cold and ice ;  
There cleanliness to godliness is nigh,  
For Virtue takes a bath prepared to die.

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD, '03.

## LINES WRITTEN IN AGITATION

"The greensickness of the (Harvard) undergraduate is the subject of an amusing caricature in the last number of the *Harvard Lampoon*. . . . It shows a floor strewn with the works of D'Annunzio, Boccaccio, Tolstoi, Gorky, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Sand, Daudet, Le Roux, Meredith, Pater, Phillips and Le Gallienne, . . . the undergraduates must always have some books of this kind as an intellectual teething ring."

[Editorial, *New York Evening Post*: May 3, 1902.]

OH, come to facts. Why raise a nasty stink  
Because some unknown grind reads Maeterlinck,  
And rave and tear because some college boy  
Should chance upon a volume of Tolstoi?  
Because you've heard that we read Walter Pater,  
Why pound a desk and be a Harvard hater?  
And burst a button off in agitation  
That misled minors ever see the *Nation*?  
We also know it meets your disapprovement  
That we should study on the Celtic movement.  
So on! The list is what you sagely call  
Degenerate, and percolating gall.  
Kind editor, why serious so soon  
About a harmless well-conceived cartoon?  
Lean down, and we will whisper in your ear  
That we are not so evil as you fear.  
The Average Harvard Man (that term you've heard?)  
Is quite a normal, unpretentious bird,  
Who reads the morning paper with oatmeal;  
And any decent tome that may appeal  
He takes with him into a Morris chair  
And snatches out a passage here and there.  
Perhaps you have intended to advise  
The kind of books the bill-boards advertise;  
Such things as Irving Bacheller would write,  
Or "works" by Major called "just out of sight,"  
Or lots of other "books" "quite up to date,"  
Penned, published, "pushed," the market to inflate—  
The novels in a red cloth cover bound,  
Which sell at Wanamaker's by the pound;



Or hush! — That literature which we need most,  
Perchance, are editorials in the *Post*.  
But really both for common sense and fun —  
If you don't mind — why, we prefer the *Sun*.  
And in our humble way we would imply  
That you, kind Sir, were off your base — good-by.

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD, '03.

### LUX

WHEN I once, before the blaze,  
Sat and dreamt on former days,  
All the little flames of blue  
Seemed a dancing phantom crew.  
Through the shadows round about,  
Flitting faintly in and out,  
Was a troop of elves and fays —  
When I dreamt on former days.  
Now another change has come,  
All my fancy has grown numb,  
There is only class-room Fact  
Telling how the things react.  
Formulas of  $\text{CO}_2$   
Take the place of fairies blue,  
And where shadows used to be  
Physic laws are all I see.  
While the coal, if we should gauge  
By the Carboniferous Age —  
Damn it! Can't I find a way  
To be the fool of yesterday?

CHARLES GREELY LORING, JR., '03.

## TEW A GAL I SEEN DAOWN TEW BOSTON

"We do not want New England dialect, 'he and she' stories or sonnets." — *From a speech at ADVOCATE reception to candidates.*

Oh, purty maid whom once I seen revealed  
Daown tew Boston, cold and stern of brow,  
Not jest a-lookin' sorter anyhow,  
Like lots of other gals to whom I've kneeled!

Can't I hunt yeou up, and leave the plow?  
Fate, you cusséd critter, won't yeou yield?  
Or must I rot upon a dog-goned field  
And always milk a gol-darned yaller cow?

No! my ragin' buzzum can't be steeled  
Against yeou, purty vision, I allow;  
I'll hev a shave and larn a city bow,  
And marry yeou and git my fate repealed.

By gosh! I'm goin' to taown, by heck, gol darn!  
Fate, *yeou* milk the cow and swab the barn!

THOMAS YEARRA, '05.

## LINES FROM A CLASS POEM

THE sun rose red o'er Sever's roof,  
And cast a brilliant ray  
To every corner of the Yard  
To wake the gala day.  
The statement as to where he rose  
Is vouched for by the bard ;  
We know the sun doth rise and set  
Within our college Yard.  
Memorial's tower in the sky  
Flashed like a beacon bright,  
The ancient crest of Harvard Hall  
Shone in the morning light,  
The grim gray wall of Boylston seemed  
All bathed in rosy hue.  
There, now if it had rained to-day  
That verse would never do.

All things proclaim a festal day  
Throughout the college ground,  
For Jones is putting lanterns up  
While John puts whiskey down.  
The Tree hath put on its necklace bright,  
The Seniors' flowery prize,  
And every building 'round the Yard  
To look its gayest tries.

But though the ancient walls have all  
Put on their gala dress  
And all look bright, their stony hearts  
Are melted with distress ;  
Their lantern-bearing bodyguard  
Of tall and stately elms  
Bow down their heads, and veil in grief  
Their leafy-crowned helmets :  
For mournful winds are whispering

And sigh on every bough,  
Another child must leave their shade,  
'T is 90's Class Day now.  
For two long centuries and a half  
They waited for the year  
When bright within their classic shades  
Young Ninety should appear.

The Red and White of babyhood  
Erelong we laid aside,  
And donned the Black and Orange  
In our Sophomoric pride ;  
And ever since, three glorious years,  
On field and flood and track,  
We 've kept the reputation of  
The Orange and the Black.  
Oh, happy year of Sophomore,  
What time with that compares !  
When have we ever felt so large ?  
When have we worn such airs ?  
The little troubles of this life,  
All proctors, cuts, and marks,  
Had just as much effect on us  
As fences have on larks.  
The time for work lay all ahead,  
That was the time for sprees ;  
For driving out to Shirley Point,  
And dinners at Joe Lee's.  
The hardest work we ever did  
As Sophomores, perhaps,  
Was picking out our courses and  
Combining all the "snaps."

But Junior year came all too soon,  
For thus time ever flies,  
And then we sobered down somewhat,  
Our heads decreased in size.  
We chose hard courses, gave up "snaps,"  
Swore never more to shirk,  
And paved a certain place below  
With good resolves to work.

But, oh ! the good Saint Anthony  
To Harvard never came,  
Or else the saint in Junior year  
Had been Dan Cupid's game.  
The nymphs who dwell across the bridge  
In windy Boston town  
Would make the sternest bow and break  
All resolutions down.  
Assemblies, germans, party-food  
Enough to ruin health.  
Each Sunday morn we went to church, —  
At twelve — on Commonwealth.  
Fair visions floating o'er our books  
Broke up monastic toil ;  
In fact we were in love — until  
We got a bill from Doyle.

But, wiser grown, in Senior year  
We gave up thoughts like these,  
And all our slumbering energies  
Were wakened by degrees.  
Remorseful thoughts of wasted time  
Roused up most dire fears ;  
But yet ambition doth decline  
Inversely as our years,  
For when we went to school, we strove  
To learn our A. B. C. ;  
But here at Harvard now we look  
No farther than A. B.  
Although we knew the end was near,  
And sadness often pressed,  
We yet have found this Senior year  
Better than all the rest.

. . . . .

WALDRON KINTZING POST, '90.

## CLASS POEM

THIS summer day that ends an episode,  
The song, the feast, the resolute intent  
To clothe regret in terms of merriment,  
For all my flippant numbers gloom forebode.

Why came I to this place, and why have you  
Showered gifts upon the stealthy years that seemed  
To tiptoe past us while we lived and dreamed ?  
What have we done, or even failed to do ?

Like birds that, circling in the cloudless air,  
Whirl clamorous upon a quiet field,  
But, sheltered in the tranquil green things, yield  
To all the cool, sweet influences there,

We found a fertile spot where every one  
Has harvested — some beating out the grain  
That others might enjoy a glinting rain  
Of chaff, or dress their plumage in the sun.

Nobly deluded youth that sought to wring  
From bloodless books the knowledge that is power,  
Until the yellow cresset in the tower  
Flared pale before the sun-gate's opening ;

And you, small scriveners, that dare to ply  
Your little pens, and are so fond to think  
'Tis mirrored in a drop of feeble ink  
How fellow-creatures love and live and die ;

And you who battle more with men and less  
With arid words ; to whom Antæus gave  
His charm, and bade your lion hearts beat brave  
Beneath that great Olympic restfulness, —

Yea, every one whose sheltered years — now gone  
With all the eager tumult of their youth —  
Are numbered in the moments that make Truth  
Young, vigorous and fair to look upon.

What memory, with meanings infinite  
Of better lives and simple happiness,  
Shall thrill dead days, and dim to-morrows bless,  
Or flood a sunless hour with heaven's light?

Search — you that have them — in your hearts, and you  
Shall find some names, as on an altar, there, —  
Dear names, that even Time himself may spare  
To bring new joy to generations new.

When in the wind the last frail lantern sways,  
And then blows flaming from the shriveled stem,  
We'll seek our friends that we may say to them  
Before we start on our divergent ways:

“I am beholden for what life is worth  
To the fair days on which God gave you birth.”

CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU, '95.

## CLASS POEM

THE kinder courtesy of Fate  
Has made us for a little day  
Good comrades, who as mate to mate  
Shake hands and call a halt to play.

Some merry comedies have spun  
Their winding plots to foolish ends,  
And strangers who have watched the fun,  
Have laughed together, and been friends.

Sometimes we had a blow to deal —  
Our fists were clenched, but, ere they shot,  
Have touched perchance. The touch we feel,  
Long since the blow has been forgot.

Sometimes there was a song to sing ;  
The man beside you set the tune,  
A youthful, half-discordant thing,  
Yet somehow ended all too soon.

You caught the look of one who sang  
In chorus, and you wondered why  
His voice was good, until there sprang  
The glow of kinship to his eye.

The petty fights for petty rights,  
Crossed with the tinge of sacrifice —  
Small triumphs won on humble heights  
Well got because we paid the price —

These are the things of which we made  
Our faltering games of chance with Truth,  
Content to lose, so we but played  
An honest game, the game of youth.



Some few of us have wove a net  
Of formulæ, wherewith to snare  
The unknown world we have not met,  
Yet trust, if caught, will serve us fair.

And those of us who cannot read  
Big futures where they are not clear,  
Know well that all the tools we need  
Lie ready when the task is near.

Our best reward, our best excuse,  
The joy or crime of being young,  
Must answer how we 've put to use  
The motley things we 've lived among.

Though we have squandered what was dear,  
Though useless goals have cost us much,  
God bless the chance that threw us here,  
The luck that made our shoulders touch.

JOHN ALBERT MACY, '99.

## CLASS POEM

As travelers at early dawn,  
That hasten ere the morning burn,  
And grieve that they may not return,  
And are uncertain to be gone,

We linger still along the ways  
We took together in the Spring,  
And at the dawn of days, we sing  
The evensong of olden days, —

The mellow light of empty eves  
In immemorial elms ; the halls  
Enwound with ivy on the walls ;  
And gray in green of shadowy leaves,

The Chapel, simple as a nun,  
Making at morn a quiet song ;  
The laughter of the light along  
Holworthy in the western sun ;

Or where, o'er stone sepulchral white,  
Men reared, for a Memorial,  
The vaulted silence of a hall,  
The sombre purple of the light,

And there, for an eternal date,  
The graven names, for simple deeds,  
Are as the scroll of fate, that reads  
The souls of early men were great ;

The summer nights among the trees,  
The lighted windows dimly starred  
Among the shadows of the Yard,  
And laughter blown along the breeze,

Low voices singing in the dark,  
And laughter lilting like a tune,  
Low voices in the mellow June,  
That sing and laugh and hush and hark.

We turn to leave them, knowing now  
The labor and the loves are done,  
And all the rivalries are run  
For the forgotten laurel bough.

We turn to leave the laden land,  
Where elder generations trod,  
Great hearts who learned the way to God,  
Wise brothers reaching out a hand, —

Emerson of the lonely heart,  
Hearkening in the Concord woods  
The saying of the solitudes,  
And dreaming in a land apart ;

Longfellow, full of quiet days,  
Singing a song of simple cheer,  
Making the morning blossom clear,  
And roses flush in faded ways ;

And he who sang *weak-winged is song*,  
Lowell, whose words, on mighty wing,  
Cleave the clear heaven of song, and bring  
Deep laurels for the soldier throng,

The Harvard men that would not wait,  
Mured in the quiet of the Yard,  
But in the might of youth they warred,  
And dared the final nod of fate.

The generations pass away,  
And we that hold a lowlier place  
Implore the mantle of their grace,  
The gift of light in early day.

They cast them in the caldron's fiery heart  
And stir the fiercely glowing molten mass :  
Then vanish — while their mistress plies her art,  
Weaving a spell with many a mystic pass.

Strange vapors dim the radiance of the flame,  
The caldron's mingling contents blazes high,  
Striving to be united, and the same,  
To form one substance, ere the embers die.

Then the enchantress, rising from her throne,  
Draws from the caldron's depths the glowing hoard,  
And fashions it, with her fair hands alone,  
Into the semblance of a gleaming sword.

And lo ! it blazes in the dimming light,  
The shadows, with its motions, whirl and reel,  
Keen is the blade, and powerful, and bright,  
Blended in fire, and forged in perfect steel.

Thus must it fare with every college class,  
Where men from distant lands and differing spheres  
Are welded in one mingled plastic mass,  
To serve one purpose in the coming years.

Thus, also, comrades, we have undergone  
The welding, and the forging, and the flame,  
Until we have united, and are one,  
With one existence, and a single aim.

We form one weapon in a mighty hand,  
A complex, yet a keenly tempered blade,  
To smite the base injustice in the land,  
And carve away the stains that it has made.

That weapon is upraised against the foe,  
We stand all poised, and quivering to be hurled ;  
So let us gather for the life-long blow,  
And crush the evil of our common world.

WALTER CONRAD ARENSBERG, '00.

## ODE

FOR THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF HARVARD  
COLLEGE

MOTHER, peerless, immortal, our lips but repeat  
The words spoken so often before,  
As we timidly, rev'rently, kneel at thy feet  
And ask for thy blessing once more.  
Our fathers rejoiced at thy dawn overcast ;  
We exult in thy radiant day ;  
So, our sons and their sons, when our glories are past,  
And our names as forgotten as they ;

For though mountain and river should part thee for aye  
From the child thou hast reared at thy knee,  
The niche that he keeps in his heart is too high  
To be filled by another than thee.  
The centuries fade, like a mist from the glass ;  
We are gone, — why we know not, nor where ;  
Yet as ever we wearily halt as we pass,  
We behold thee, still young and still fair.

LLOYD MCKIM GARRISON, '88.

## CLASS ODE

WE have slept till the morn in thy chambers of peace  
    (And the dream was the vision of youth !),  
At the dawn of the day we arise and go forth  
    In the armor and shield of the Truth.  
By the Beautiful Gate, ere the shadowy vale  
    Shall receive us, we bow down the knee,  
And we lift in the light of the morning our hymn  
    To the glory, Fair Harvard, of thee !

In the wilderness born, through the wilderness still  
    Thou preparest the way of the Lord,  
Till the nations are one in the sound of a Name  
    And the ploughshare supplanteth the sword ;  
Till, crowned with the crown of the victory won,  
    Thou shalt hearken, o'er land and o'er sea,  
The song of thanksgiving at eventide raised  
    To the glory of God and of Thee !

FULLERTON LEONARD WALDO, '98.

## CLASS ODE

FROM the sun-filt'ring trees that have sheltered our youth,  
From these red walls and quiet, we turn  
Toward the stress of the future, the dust of the world,  
And the patience our manhood shall learn.  
Ah, not without weariness, not without pain  
Shall we keep the unrest so divine,  
Keep the star in our heart, and the word in our breast,  
As true men, dearest Harvard, of thine.

In the council, the study, the roar of the towns,  
In the turbulent, alien lands,  
Our country has need of her strenuous youths  
With their souls in the work of their hands.  
Have we straightness of limb, have we clearness of eye,  
Are our thoughts but intrepid and free,  
'T is the gift of the Mother, who gives us in turn,  
Dear Land, to the service of thee.

HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT, '99.

## THE CANDIDATES' HOUR

SOMETIME between one and two-thirty  
P. M., in the ADVOCATE's bower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupation  
That is known as the candidates' hour.

From the desk, I behold in the doorway  
A Freshman who timidly stands,  
And clutches an amorous sonnet  
In one of his infantile hands.

A whisper ; and then a silence.  
And I glance at the ink-spotted sheet,  
Where he, in emotional spasms,  
Lays the world at his lady-love's feet.

" 'Raus mit 'em, you lyrical Freshman !  
Have you never been up here before ?  
The home for incurable sonnets  
Is the well-meaning *Monthly* next door."

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE, '04.



## TO THE ADVOCATE

Read at the Dedication of the Sanctum in the Harvard Union, March 5, 1902.

FOR the space of an hour, for the clasp of a hand,  
From a work-a-day world, and the hour's demand,  
We hail you, despite of the years that have spanned :  
Come ! drink with the men of an olden time,  
Drink to the madness and folly of rhyme,  
Drink to all rollicking youth in its prime,  
And drink to the ADVOCATE !

Fill a glass to the brim to the loves confessed ;  
To the name of the girl the verses suit best,  
To the coats we have turned at a rhyme's behest !  
To the sky and the sea, to the year in the spring,  
To a rose, to a star, to the flash of a wing,  
To the ways of a maid, — to any old thing !  
Come ! drink to the ADVOCATE !

There 's a toast to be drunk to the sadness of prose,  
To the editor's long introductory doze, —  
To unreadable book reviews massed at the close !  
To the men who write better, to him who writes worse,  
To the dabbler in prose, and the meddler in verse,  
To the style that 's profuse, and the manner that 's terse !  
Come ! drink to the ADVOCATE !

And drink to these pleasanter rooms ; and again  
To the lilt of a song, and the scratch of a pen,  
To the touch of a hand, to the friendship of men !  
Come ! drink with the men of an older time,  
Drink to the madness and folly of rhyme,  
Drink to all rollicking youth in its prime,  
And drink to the ADVOCATE !

CHARLES FREDERICK COVERT ARENSBERG, '01.

## THE MEETING OF THE OLD BOARD

AGAIN the shingles on the wall  
The Board invite :  
The years again bring back to me  
The winter night.

By Harvard Hall the moon peeps out  
As forth I go ;  
It shadows the branches of the elms  
Upon the snow.

Now here and there a windowed light  
Proclaims the grind :  
A revel song on tell-tale breeze —  
Another kind !

I pause and knock (remembered spot,  
Holworthy's door).  
The open grate a welcome throws  
The threshold o'er.

As yesterday the voices rise  
In Babel's tongue ;  
The faces there around the board,  
Forever young.

A window-seat, a pipe in hand,  
The firelight gleam,  
A careless laugh, as some one quotes  
A Freshman's theme.

The labor done, the verses read,  
And latest tale ;  
Unharnessed now is Pegasus,  
Now cakes and ale !

Then home into the eager air  
    (The moon is set),  
The voices die across the yard.  
    The *Board* has met.

GEORGE READ NUTTER, '85.

### THE ADVOCATE SONG

'WAY back in the sixties long ago,  
    When the ADVOCATE was young,  
The editors were a jolly crew,  
    And this is the song they sung :

#### CHORUS

Ho ! Mix the punch and stir the bowl,  
    Your glasses elevate ;  
The Muse is with us, heart and soul,  
    As we pledge the ADVOCATE !

Then let the steins of years gone by  
    In praise of the Muses ring ;  
To-morrow we'll write till pens run dry,  
    To-night we'll only sing.

RICHARD INGLIS, '03.



## PART II

And we, who own no queen on earth above her,

. . . . .

Her sons, her knights, and every knight her lover.

LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS, '75.



## THE PLAIDIE

UPON ane stormy Sunday,  
Coming adoon the lane,  
Were a score of bonnie lassies —  
And the sweetest, I maintain,  
Was Caddie,  
That I took inneath my plaidie,  
To shield her from the rain.

She said that the daisies blushed  
For the kiss that I had ta'en ;  
I wad na hae thought the lassie  
Wad sae of a kiss complain :  
“ Now, laddie !  
I winna stay under your plaidie,  
If I gang hame in the rain ! ”

But, on an after Sunday,  
When cloud there was not ane,  
This selfsame winsome lassie  
(We chanced to meet in the lane)  
Said, “ Laddie,  
Why dinna ye wear your plaidie ?  
Wha kens but it may rain ? ”

CHARLES SIBLEY GAGE, '67.

## THE DIFFERENCE

If love-sick Strephon failed to find  
Assent in Chloë's eye ;  
If Teraminta proved unkind,  
Or Phyllida was shy,  
The blighted lovers' fate were sealed ;  
And from their rhymes we know  
That broken hearts were never healed ;  
They ne'er survived the blow.

But now if Ethel, Kate, or Ruth,  
The maid we would have won,  
Smiles sweetly on another youth,  
Or possibly on none ;  
We never say a word in verse, —  
'T would be too great a bother, —  
But, feeling not a whit the worse,  
Look promptly for another.

MARK ANTONY DEWOLFE HOWE, JR., '87.

## BEAUTY

A PURE and chiseled outline some men prize,  
And some, red lips, bright eye, a nameless grace !  
For me, glad love-light in the eyes  
Maketh the perfect face.

CHARLES MINER THOMPSON, '86.



## THE KISS

THE fault was mine ! Excuse is vain !  
Nor thought I pardon to obtain.  
    Prompted by love or fate — who knows ? —  
    I asked her for a blushing rose.  
“T is thine,” she sighed, in lightsome vein.

In kindness she did not disdain  
To pin it on my coat. Insane  
    I bent and kissed her on the lip,  
    The fault was mine !

The crimson flushed her cheek amain,  
What could I do? Oft and again  
    I begged forgiveness for the slip  
    Of kissing her upon the lip.  
She whispered, “Nay, ’t is very plain  
    The fault was mine !”

GEORGE AUSTIN MORRISON, '87.

## EPITAPH A LA LÂST TRUMP

HERE her victims lie in funeral state,  
A score or more disconsolate ;  
But let sweet Kittie laugh, and then  
They 'll all come back to life again.

WINTHROP WETHERBEE, '87.

## TO A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH

IF she were one  
(Instead, alas! of forty-seven),  
    Could I be sure  
        That face so bright,  
    With eyes so soft  
        And full of light  
    And lips so pure,  
        Were hers alone ; —  
Then would I seek through every land,  
O'er every sea, to gain her hand,  
    If she were one.

    If she were won  
(If she were one — not forty-seven),  
    And I the Knight  
        To catch the glance  
    That spurs one on  
        To set the lance,  
    And win the fight,  
        Could this come true ; —  
Then would my soul in ecstasy  
Set sail upon a fairy sea,  
    If she were won.

I wonder how it all would seem,  
The realization of a dream, —  
    The altar and the transept arch,  
    The cadence of the wedding march, —  
I wonder how it all would seem  
    If we were one.

SAMUEL FOSTER MCCLEARY, JR., '88.

## POETRY A LA MODE

IN a poet's hand a flower lay,  
It was a violet so blue.  
It chanced a Lady passed that way  
To clasp her hands and gently say,  
"How lovely is its hue."

The poet smiled and went his way.  
He met my Lady's maid  
And showed her where the violets lay,  
That she might pluck, at break of day,  
And wear them as he bade.

My Lady's maid was up betimes,  
The violets in her hair ;  
And while she read my Lady's rhymes,  
My Lady saw them forty times, —  
Yet knew not they were there.

NATHANIEL STEPHENSON.

## A COQUETTE

DRESSED in her waterproof and hood,  
As if intent on doing good,  
Goes Phyllis, modest as a nun, —  
Alas, she's far from being one !

ROBERT HIGGINSON FULLER, '88.

## CUPID AND DIVES

THROUGH a wood once Cupid strayed,  
In search of victims new ;  
Saw Dives resting in the shade  
And to him nearer drew.

### *Cupid*

"Would that thy happy life were mine !  
You 'neath these whispering boughs recline  
And sport with idle fancies ;  
While I 'm compelled to work alway,  
With Strephon's youthful heart to play,  
And Daphne's witching glances."

### *Dives*

"*You* wish my idle life were thine ?  
Rash boy ! you know not what you say.  
Though some are dazzled with gold's shine,  
*All* own thy sovereign sway.  
If I could change my life of ease  
For labor such as wearies you,  
I 'd not lie thus beneath the trees ;  
I 'll do your work and gladly too."

### *Cupid*

"Come ! the bargain pleases me,  
Here — take my arrows and my bow.  
Yes, take the golden quiver too,  
I mean to sleep the whole year through, —  
The gods will smile to see it so."

### ENVOY

Sad the havoc Dives played  
In his wretched masquerade ;  
A youth no longer loved a maid,  
He sued but for her gold.

Love, resume thy wonted task !  
Dives, cast aside thy mask !  
Go, and in thy sunshine bask,  
Men's hearts have grown too cold !

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, JR., '88.

### THE PLACE OF LOVE

Love, thou art not alone for gentle dells,  
Where summer breezes, sweetly perfumed, breathe  
Through heavy branches.  
Thy place is also where the winter wind  
Roars down the long, bleak hill ;  
The flying snow  
Doth blind the traveler, as he strives to gain  
The little cottage under sheltering pines,  
Where thou art waiting, Love.

SEWALL CARROLL BRACKETT, '91.

## BALLADE

PHRYNE and Thais, beauties of old,  
Dead are you now, you have lived your day.  
And Lais is dead, and her bosom cold ;  
Never a time for prayer found they !  
And Sappho is dead, whose songs, men say,  
Could draw Queen Venus from heaven above ;  
Now are they one with the dust and clay. —  
But hey, for the love of my own true love !

Dido is gone, with her hair of gold ;  
Piteous queen, whom love did slay.  
Wifely Penelope, Helen the bold,  
And brave Andromache long passed away.  
And Phillis as sweet as the flowers of May  
Cares not at all for the wanderings of  
Her lover Damophoön, false and gay. —  
, But hey, for the love of my own true love !

Juliet long has lain with the mould  
Of Counties and Lords in the charnel gray.  
Fair Héloïse in her grave-cloth rolled  
Never again can love or pray.  
Never again can Beatrice lay  
Her hand in her lover's, glad thereof,  
And never again can she show his way. —  
But hey, for the love of my own true love !

And, Love, though our lives cannot last alway,  
Though we know that death is the term whereof  
Our love must end, we can still sing hey,  
Hey, for the love of my own true love !

HUGH McCULLOCH, JR., '91.

## A POOR SCHOLAR

I THOUGHT to teach my wayward Heart  
To scorn Love's fantasy, and learn  
That Life is but a chance to spurn  
All pleasure and delight, a day  
Fit for some noble task, ere night  
Come down, and daylight flee away ;  
This constant lesson, too, I taught —  
That Love is naught.

I delved in old scholastic lore,  
And passed my days in quiet rooms,  
Bent, deep with thought, on ancient tomes ;  
And if there came, by some odd chance,  
A tender tale across the page,  
Some lightsome bit of old romance,  
I whispered quick — lest harm should brew —  
*This* is not true.

Now bold I walk Life's broadest ways,  
And meet a hundred women's eyes ;  
Yet still my heart in quiet lies,  
And all their guile availeth naught :  
Alas ! there is one gentle maid,  
Whose soft eyes turned to tender thought  
Can make my Heart — poor, simple wight —  
Wild with delight.

SEWALL CARROLL BRACKETT, '91.

## TRIOLETS

### ACCUSATION

FROM a dear friend of mine  
You have stolen a sigh.  
I have heard you 're divine  
From a dear friend of mine —  
That your lips are like wine, —  
So your theft don't deny ;  
From a dear friend of mine  
You have stolen a sigh.

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ, '93.

### EXTENUATION

Although I stole a sigh,  
Mark you, he stole a kiss,  
And you can't well deny  
That, though I stole a sigh,  
Yet the kiss would imply  
That the sighing is bliss ;  
So if I steal a sigh,  
His reprisal 's a kiss.

JOHN CORBIN, '92.

### VINDICATION

When I stole a kiss,  
'T was to make a fair trade ;  
A fine gallant is this,  
Who would not steal a kiss,  
When a lady 's amiss,  
And the law can't evade ;  
If by stealing a kiss  
He could make a fair trade.

ALGERNON TASSIN, '92.



## A WARNING

HER eyes are but the summer skies  
That smile on everything ;  
Her voice the bird-songs that rejoice  
A universal spring.  
Her heart, like Nature, can impart  
A balm for every ill ;  
The while her gay and kindly smile  
Is of the daffodil.

Quintessence she of powers that bless,  
Sweet abstract of creation.  
Nor earth, nor air, nor springtide mirth  
Evoke more admiration.  
She favors Nature grave or gay —  
(And men of every fashion),  
So love her not, — unless you love  
With pantheistic passion.

JOHN CORBIN, '92.

## MY SECRET

SHE whispered my secret East and West,  
But I have n't a wish to scold her :  
I grieve — she is just like all the rest, —  
She whispered my secret East and West ;  
Yet I laugh, — for I see she never guessed  
That I fibbed in all I told her !  
She whispered my secret East and West,  
But I have n't a wish to scold her.

WALTER FOLGER BROWN, '92.

## HER LOVER

I SING not now of city belle —  
Fair Chloë or Belinda, —  
Of scarfs or jewels which excel  
All praise, or how Clarinda  
Appears with bonnet *délicat*  
Whose feathers captivating  
Oft flutter to and fro, but ah!  
Set hearts to palpitating.

But sing I of a barefoot maid  
I met without forewarning  
One day in tattered dress arrayed,  
Who shyly bade "good-morning."  
Her drooping, clust'ring curls of brown  
Quite scorned the laws of Fashion,  
And almost hid her eyes that down  
Were glancing — free from passion

But not from curious love. For now —  
Like many a one who settles  
Her joy by chance — with pensive brow  
She robbed a daisy's petals.  
"She loves me," said the fickle lot,  
"He tarries not, he lingers," —  
The last one's plucked — "he loves me not."  
What cruel Fate, those fingers!

Her lashes were impearled by tears,  
The gems of disappointment,  
And I, although advanced in years,  
Applied a soothing ointment.  
I kissed her quivering lips, and said,  
"I'm sure 'he loves' you dearly."  
She answered — as she raised her head —  
"If 'he' don't, you do, clearly!"

WALTER CLARK NICHOLS, '93.

## TRIOLETS

TO HER WHOM I CALL ROSE

SHALL I meet you again  
As I met you last night ;  
Or must the refrain —  
“ Shall I meet you again ? ” —  
Seek its answer in vain  
From a past all too bright ?  
Shall I meet you again  
As I met you last night ?

It was foolish, I know,  
But I loved you so dearly ;  
You had laughed at my woe, —  
It was foolish, I know,  
Not to leave you. Heigho, —  
Yes, I see it quite clearly,  
It was foolish, I know, —  
But I loved you so dearly.

So forgive me, dear Rose,  
That I spoke thus unduly,  
Love says (and he knows  
You 'll forgive me, dear Rose,)   
That, perhaps, if you chose  
You can love me quite truly ;  
So forgive me, dear Rose,  
That I spoke thus unduly.

ELLIOT GRAY.

## LEVITA

IN little bits she broke her heart,  
And, thoughtlessly, with lavish hand,  
To every youth she tossed a part  
Throughout Columbia's boundless land.

But with the fleeting years there came  
A man of means, fair looks, unwed ;  
" To you I 'll give my wealth, and name,  
And heart — and ask but yours," he said.

The fragments of her heart she tried  
To find in wildest haste — poor maid !  
But though she hunted far and wide,  
The bits were lost — she could not trade !

WALTER FOLGER BROWN, '92.

## TRIOLET

I WORE Grace's name on my heart,  
While she wore my ring on her finger ;  
Engraved there by love's subtle art  
I wore Grace's name on my heart,  
And I thought it would never depart, —  
But not very long did it linger,  
For I wore Grace's name on my heart  
*While* she wore my ring on her finger.

LOUIS HOW, '95.

“POLLY”

SHE fluttered gayly down the hill —  
That merry, dimpled lass, —  
She hurried singing down the hill,  
And then she loitered by the mill,  
And saw the bubbles pass,  
Made double in the glass  
Of the mirror of the water, greeny still.

She heard a sparrow pertly cry,  
She smelt the new-mown hay,  
She felt the sunshine in the sky,  
As lightly she went skipping by,  
Adown the sunny way.  
'T was like a holiday,  
The keen, expectant sparkle in her eye.

And Cupid's wings were on her feet,  
As nimbly she ran down ;  
And Cupid's wings were on her feet :  
For pretty Polly went to meet  
Her lover in the town.  
She wore that lilac gown  
That made him say — oh, nothing to repeat !

CHARLES WARNER SHOPE, '94.

## SONNET

YES, I am blind save when I see thy face ;  
Such radiance dims the sight for darker things ;  
But when I look, that glorious vision brings  
Me promises of men of larger race, —  
No more that 's little, and all great through Thee.  
By Thee I understand my kind. Thou art  
The Book wherein I read and learn ; Thou art  
The " Yes " that ends impossibility.

All that I would be Thou already art ;  
The world I hold when I do hold thy hands,  
Straight through thine eyes I gaze on Paradise, —  
The fair fruit of humanity, its Heart ; —  
All that the soul's great yearning cry demands,  
The first and last wherein love lives and dies.

TREADWELL CLEVELAND, JR., '96.

## QUATRAIN

WHEN I see planets shining in the skies,  
I do not in poetic raptures fall,  
Or liken them unto my sweetheart's eyes, —  
I should n't care for yellow eyes at all.

LOUIS HOW, '95.

## THE LOVER AND THE DEAD MISTRESS

“ You bide beyond all mortal years,  
Yet if I pray and weep,  
May one not break the barriers  
That fast your presence keep? ”

*The Dead feel not the living tears  
Nor end their endless sleep.*

“ O Lady, in some lonesome lane  
I oft will quickly start  
And think I see you once again,  
Belovèd of my Heart.”

*You turn to find but shifting rain  
That drives the boughs apart.*

“ But all the circling days we knew  
So with this day inweaves,  
It seems the very voice of you  
In every covert grieves.”

*'Tis but the autumn winds that rue  
The dying of the leaves.*

JOHN MACK, JR., '95.

## TRANSLATIONS FROM CATULLUS

### CARMEN 92

LESBIA always reviles, nor ever is silent about me ;  
Yet may I lose my life, if Lesbia loves me not.  
Evidence comes from my heart : I pray, " Let her live on without me ;"  
Yet may I lose my life, if I love her the less by a jot.

### CARMEN 85

I hate and love. Perhaps thou mayst enquire  
How flames of hell and sunbeams join in me.  
A furnace cannot analyze its fire ;  
I know the fact and feel its agony.

### CARMEN 75

To such a point of misery,  
My still dear Lesbia, am I brought,  
So has your baseness ruined me,  
Devout to you in every thought,

That never could I honor you  
If sainthood's holy crown you won,  
Nor make my burning love less true,  
No matter what you may have done.

### CARMEN 70

My lady says that rather I  
Would be her choice, if she should wed,  
Than Jupiter coming from the sky  
To lead her to his cloudy bed.

She says : but what she may declare  
Of burning love to a lover's ears,  
Oh, write upon the whirling air  
Or a rushing stream of scalding tears !



CARMEN 5

My Lesbia, let us love to live,  
And live to love ; the torpid blame  
That cold and carping critics give  
Let go as lightly as it came.

The suns may set and yet return :  
When our brief light of life once dies,  
We sleep where never suns can burn  
Beneath the black, eternal skies.

Oh, give me then the hundredth kiss,  
Or thousandth kiss, forgetting which,  
That we may never count our bliss  
Nor envious evil eye bewitch.

JOHN STRONG PERRY TATLOCK, '96.

## LOVE'S LOGIC

"OUT of sight is out of mind,"  
Yet "Absence makes the heart grow fonder ;"  
How can this paradox be true ?  
Does Dolly love me still, I wonder ?

If absence makes the one forget,  
And makes the other's love grow stronger,  
And I to Dolly still am true,  
Then Dolly's true to me no longer !

But both, I'm sure, cannot be true,  
Or else were Reason naught but Folly :  
And I'll believe her heart is mine  
As much as mine belongs to Dolly !

ARTHUR CHENEY TRAIN, '96.

## NOW SHE IS GONE

THIS is the path she walked with me  
That perfect day but a month ago,  
'T was here that we stopped to watch the bee,  
Mumbling the clover and droning low.

These are the daisies her gown has brushed,  
This dust has held the print of her feet,  
Here's where we paused, expectant, hushed,  
When the robin's note sounded, clear and sweet.

Now she is gone, and I walk alone,  
And a thousand things come back to me,  
In the scent of the clover-laden wind,  
And the droning hum of the bee.

ROBERT PALFREY UTTER, '98.

### LOVE'S PRAYER

Love, like Religion, has its prayer :  
"Give me this day my daily bread ;"  
Poor Love that has so much to bear,  
So seldom is its hunger fed.  
It asks for loaves, instead there come  
In answer only crust and crumb,  
And often, as it pleads alone,  
It gains no other bread than stone.

And still it breathes this simple want ;  
Alas ! it knows no other prayer.  
Nor ease can lure nor failure daunt,  
Nor terrors drive it from its care.  
Deceived so oft, wouldst thou not guess  
'T would faint for very weariness ?  
Nay ! It will plead till prayer be dead,  
"Give me this day my daily bread."

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES, '96.

### LOVE'S SUFFICIENCY

GIVE to old age its wisdom, — we are wiser ;  
Learning pray keep, — to us it naught discovers.  
Wealth ? Such as ours was never clutched by miser.  
Princes or wizards are we ? Nay, but lovers.

BARTHOLOMEW FRANCIS GRIFFIN, '99.

## FROO DE TWILIGHT

I jes' lef' mah honey standin' in de shadder ob de gate,  
An' I feel mah heart a-jumpin' in a mighty frisky state.  
Who's dat callin'? Hello, blue-jay boy! Am you de li'l' chap  
Dat use ter mek me mad de times I tried ter tek a nap  
In de meadow, an' yer screechin' 'noyed me so I could n' sleep?  
Why, what's got in yer song-pipes dat yo' mek de trembles creep  
Up mah back, an' cross mah heart, an' down mah arms an' laigs an' toes?  
I kyan 'zac'ly 'splain it, but I 'spec's mah honey knows.  
Sing yo' sweet good-night, ol' piper-jay, an' help us celebrate.  
I jes' lef' mah honey standin' in de shadder ob de gate.

I jes' lef' mah honey standin' in de shadder ob de gate —  
Hullo! Dar's Deakin Brown, de man I use ter 'spise an' hate,  
Kase he scolded me in meetin' when I flinged a kiss at Sue  
(Her dat's standin' by de gateway in de shadders, true ez true).  
But I doan' feel hard ag'inst him. How do, Deakin? Lubbly day!  
How is Missis Brown dis ebenin', an' de li'l' chillun? — Hey?  
Oh, I clean forgit dat trouble. — Dat is all pas', Deakin Brown,  
An' I 'spec's I needed k'rectin', when yo' come to bile it down.  
Good-by, Deakin. — Dar, dat's settled. Why, — I like de man frustrate.  
(For I lef' mah honey standin' in de shadder ob de gate).

Oh, I lef' mah honey standin' in de shadder ob de gate,  
An' her eyes lit up de shadder like de glow-worm an' his mate.  
But I won' stay long away f'm her. We'll tek a walk ternight  
Whar de maples keep de yaller moon f'm lookin' down too bright.  
Lord o' massy! Smell dat lilac-bush! It's growed dar ebery yeah,  
But I nevah seed it bloomin' so — or else I did n' keah.  
Mah! But ain't dis air refreshin' when it gallops froo yo' breas',  
A-strummin' on de heartstrings dar, dat sing dey vehy bes'!  
Mah heart done got so tingly I kin feel it circylate,  
For I lef' mah honey smilin' in de shadder ob de gate.

JOHN ALBERT MACY, '99.

## CUPID AND THE BEE

*Translated from 33d Anacreontic*

DEEP in rosy petals biding,  
Slept a honey bee.  
Cupid never saw him hiding,  
Stung, the rogue, was he.

Tiny finger fiery glowing,  
Crying with the pain,  
Baby arms before him throwing,  
Home he ran amain.

Straight to lovely Venus flying,  
Sobbed upon her breast,  
"Mother, dear, I 'm killed! I 'm dying  
With some awful pest!

"Oh! it 's been and bit me, Mother!  
Only look and see!  
'T was that little winged serpent  
Farmers call the bee."

"Love," she answered, tender-hearted,  
"If the bee-sting smarts,  
Think of all the pain you 've started  
With your flying darts."

ALBIN LEAL RICHARDS, '00.

## SONG

SHE loves me or loves me not,  
What care I? —  
The depth of the fields is just as sweet,  
And sweet the sky.

She loves me or she loves me not,  
Is that to die? —  
The green of the woods is just as fair,  
And fair the sky.

WALLACE STEVENS, '01.

## SONG

AH, yes! beyond these barren walls  
Two hearts shall in a garden meet,  
And while the latest robin calls,  
Her lips to his shall be made sweet.

And out above these gloomy towers  
The full moon tenderly shall rise  
To cast its light upon the flowers,  
And find him looking in her eyes.

WALLACE STEVENS, '01.

## MY LADY ON THE LINKS

WHEN my lady plays golf, there 's commotion galore ;  
There 's a caddy beside her, another before ;  
And she handles her clubs with a confident ease,  
For my lady is playing the game, if you please,  
And gives strictest attention to bunkers and tees,  
When my lady plays golf.

When my lady plays golf, you must always avoid  
Any subject but golf, or she 'll be much annoyed ;  
For if she should let her mind wander, I fear  
She would go " off her game," and you 'd presently hear  
Far stronger expressions than simply " Oh, dear ! "  
When my lady plays golf.

When my lady plays golf, then of stance and of grip  
She 's as careful as if in the championship ;  
And when she leaves off at the close of the day,  
And her caddies are paid, and her clubs put away  
(Which never occurs till it 's too dark to play),  
Then my lady *talks* golf.

ARTHUR HOLDEN GILBERT, '01.

## SURPRISE

My hope was, that some high ennobling thought  
Among the realms of old philosophy,  
Would lift my soul to heights whence it could see  
Worlds it had never found, though always sought.  
Yet searched I vainly tomes with knowledge fraught,  
Until one morn Love came and set me free  
To live above life's gray monotony,  
Amid bright worlds of golden beauty wrought.

Then felt I like some luckless traveler,  
Who, on a moonless night, has lost his way,  
And by pale changing torch-light forced to roam,  
Hears now the dawn-wind soft begin to stir,  
And as the bursting sun makes darkness day,  
Beholds the garden flowers of his home !

GEORGE CLARE ST. JOHN, '02.

## THE ANCIENT LOVERS

THIS was a vigorous place, with planted trees,  
With marble figures, and a colonnade, —  
With fountains agile as a shimmery maid,  
Dancing in moonlight. This was where the breeze  
Found lovers, happy-laden with their ease  
Of love. And here to-morrow was to-day,  
To-day was yesterday ; the while decay  
Dragged in from shade to shade its pitted knees.

No more the fountains dance, but rigid lie  
In mummy-cloth of moss and weeds. And see  
How broken is the ancient stone ! how dead  
The ancient vigor, this its tomb instead  
That was its pleasure-place ! Yet, by this tree,  
Still sit the ancient lovers — you and I.

WITTER BYNNER, '02.



## THE MARRIAGE NIGHT

It is my marriage night ;  
The veil, but now so white,  
Looks old and gray.  
Perhaps it is the shadow of the corner where it lies —  
Or is a shadow fallen from the beating in mine eyes ;  
That, on my marriage night,  
The veil, but now so white,  
Looks old and gray.

He sat with me beside ;  
He whispered, " Gentle Bride,  
Full well you know,  
That love like ours hath no need of reassuring word," —  
I smiled into his glad, glad eyes, and laughed at what I heard ;  
I loved him at my side ;  
I said, — " I am your bride,  
Full well you know."

The priest had sung the rite ;  
The feast was at its height,  
When up — away —  
My lord, he followed after one who muttered in his ear —  
The weeping of the candles and the wind is all I hear  
On this, my marriage night ; —  
The veil, but now so white,  
Looks old and gray.

WITTER BYNNER, '02.

## TO PEGGY

LIKE verses? Why, of course — though not in books ; —  
Dried flowers make a dingy souvenir.  
The poetry that lives is far more dear —  
And there are volumes writ in Peggy's looks !

Her smile 's a couplet of two rosy lips ;  
Her laugh 's a wordless roundelay. Her eyes —  
Her eyes are lyrics, and each time she sighs  
I think 't would any madrigal eclipse.

An epigram is in her pout demure ;  
A terrifying epic in her frown ;  
And should she yawn, 't is for the hapless clown  
An epitaph of meaning all too sure !

So, if the fates would only let me choose,  
I'd have fair Mistress Peggy for my Muse.

CHARLES GREELY LORING, JR., '03.

## ASTRONOMY

"It's an old and honored custom, dear,  
And it gives faint hearts a show ;  
If a falling star shoots through the air,  
May I kiss you, while I can see it there,  
If I'm quick as the star's quick glow ?"

"The star that is shining above us there  
May be falling, for all we know."

GEORGE LOUIS KOBBE', '03.

## COLIN ALLANA

OH, 't is Colin can play on the fiddle,  
Yes, Colin can jig wid his bow,  
When he whistles, your feet they will twiddle,  
And he 'd sing the chill out from the snow.

When he courted wid Eilly O'Connor  
An' sang like the thrush at her door,  
But she would n't come out (on my honor),  
And told him he 'd have to sing more.

"Oh, 't is you that can scrape like a tanner,  
And you that can whistle a chune,  
But by the Saints! Colin Allana,  
You 'd *sing* the soul out from the moon."

Said Colin, "The Mass bells is ringing,  
And I 'll be just going along,  
If you 'd love me for only my singing,  
You 'd be robbing the chune from my song."

LANGDON WARNER, '03.

## PLATONIC LOVE

PLATONIC love? There 's no such thing!  
Girls are too bold or shy.  
But then if some real stunner wished —  
Perhaps — well, I might try.

CHARLES GREELY LORING, JR., '03.

## MIRANDA

IN girlish freshness like June's maiden skies,  
All radiant with delight and love for me,  
Extending both small hands Miranda flies,  
Her lips upturned, to nestle on my knee.  
Where two wild roses lurk among her curls,  
An abject slave my head hangs close above,  
And through the curtain, where brown hair unfurls,  
Her eyes shine up mid dimpled smiles of love.  
Ah! Am I fool to let my thoughts return  
To youth, and meditate on former play,  
When all the joys that can within me burn  
Are kindled by the joys of yesterday?  
Therefore, Miranda, though she's twenty-three,  
Continues nestling on her father's knee.

ROY PIER, '03.

## PURSUIT

FANCIFUL, wild, and sweet  
Is the sound of the hurrying feet,  
Swaying rushes,  
Scattering ferns.  
— Happy, happy is he who learns  
The scent of the grass her footstep crushes.

SWINBURNE HALE, '05.

## JUST FOR THE JIG

DINNY won't play that jig tune on his flute for me,  
Ain't he the cross misobligin' old brute for ye?  
Says if I 'd kiss him he 'd play me the jig;  
I said I 'd sooner be kissin' our pig.

Now he goes round with that girl of old Donegin,  
My, he 's the boy to be here, an' then gone again!  
Sure, what 's in a kiss — I don't care a fig.  
Well — maybe I 'll kiss him — *but just for the jig.*

LANGDON WARNER, '03.

## VERSE

WHEN first his love proved false, he wrote a rhyme  
(He called it verse), pathetically sublime  
With sad reproach;  
He spoke of broken vows, how his last breath  
Should speak her name, hinted at early death,  
Its glad approach.  
He lived — and loved again, and for a while  
Feasted on love, till Fortune ceased to smile  
And Cupid fled.  
Again he wrote a rhyme, satirical and terse,  
But not to her. — It is perchance the verse  
You just have read.

GEORGE WILLIAM DUNNING GRIBBLE, '05.

## TO JANE

JANE, I cannot sing your praises,  
Nor compare you with the sun  
Shining through his many phases  
Till his daily course is run :  
Jane, the Muse averts her glances,  
Turns my mind from pretty fancies,  
Coldly bids me poetry shun.  
Spite of all these circumstances,  
Jane, I 've finished stanza one.

Jane, I have an inspiration  
Far above the common rut,  
Let me grasp this lucubration,  
Ere the Muse the portals shut.  
"White as sugar" — no, that 's rotten,  
"White as flour" — oh, tut, tut,  
"White as snow combined with cotton  
Is that garment you have got on."  
"Bright as" — bright as something, but  
Something I have quite forgotten.  
"Light as" — darn it, light as *what*?

Jane, my thoughts are in confusion,  
Shunned by inspiration's touch ;  
Don't you think that this effusion  
Might as well be done in Dutch ?  
Poets devoid of inspiration,  
Should not aim above their station,  
Pegasus is not for such.  
This shall be my declaration :  
"Jane, I like you very much !"

THOMAS YBARRA, '05.

## ACROSS THE CENTURIES

FROM its case of ancient leather  
    Treasured in its family shrine,  
Looks on every generation  
    This old ancestress of mine.

'T is a beauty, quaint, unmodern,  
    Of the days that used to be,  
And it smiles across the ages  
    With an old-world coquetry.

Here I lay thy picture, Sweetheart,  
    By mine old-world ancestress.  
See! Two centuries united  
    In a pictured loveliness!

Will the ages make, I wonder,  
    Ancestors of thee and me?  
Will thy beauty to some grandchild  
    Be a sweet heredity?

Will they cherish, as I cherish,  
    These two miniatures of mine, —  
And, — because their grandsire loved it, —  
    Love this little face of thine?

GEORGE WILLIAM DUNNING GRIBBLE, '05.

## CONCEIT

My lady's eyes are dells where Cupid hides —  
Thus far I write, then pause and sadly sigh ;  
For 'mid the dim dream faces hovering nigh,  
I see the Bard of Avon ; soft he chides —  
“ Ah, lad, what use ? I penned that very line  
Of some fair maid who, centuries ago,  
Lived, loved, and loving died ; dost thou not know ?  
The perfect sonnets of the world are mine.”

What use ? Ah, Mighty Bard, what use to love,  
Since, long ago, when earth and sky were young,  
Venus and Bacchus kissed ? — Yet men still love ;  
The sweetest song, perchance, has not been sung.  
Thy maid was not one half so fair as mine,  
Why should the perfect sonnets all be thine ?

EARL DERR BIGGERS, '07.

## TO PRISCILLA

OUR ancestors were bold and true,  
But stern in their religious view,  
They frowned upon all youthful joy,  
And treated every girl and boy  
As under some condemning law —  
In harmless pleasure, harm they saw.

But your sweet coquetry beguiled,  
Whene'er you spoke, whene'er you smiled,  
You proved the deeper, truer grace  
In lovely maiden's winsome face.  
You taught flirtation to the nation.  
Thank you, Priscilla !

WILDER GOODWIN, '07.



## CONCERNING SONNETS

A LITTLE sonnet is a dangerous thing,  
Born of the midnight oil and eyes impearled  
With glance of eyes, that set a soul to sing  
In fourteen lines its secret to the world.

For secrets are but vain when lovers start  
To lay their offerings in the sonnet's mould —  
And fourteen lines will bare the fullest heart  
Of every woe and whisper it may hold.

And sonnet-singing is a treacherous pit —  
For though we cast a treasure down each day  
To fill its chasm, yet no man hath wit  
To close the gap till death shall smooth the way.

*A sonnet is a pitfall and a snare —  
Lover and poet, hear it, and beware!*

HERMANN HAGEDORN, JR., '07.

## SERENADE

HEART of my heart, awake ! awake !

I am waiting eagerly !

The sunset over the distant lake

Lingers wistfully :

The sky is a golden web of light,

Hung at the portals of the night,

And fashioned, love, for thee !

Heart of my life, arise ! arise !

I am waiting breathlessly !

The twilight over the orange skies

Is spreading softly : lift thine eyes

Until they rest on me ;

The moon is rising above the hills,

Blushing, for love of thee !

Heart of my soul, come down ! come down !

I am waiting still for thee !

The evening light on the silent town

Trembles mistily ;

The sky is a silver net of stars,

Cast in an unknown sea !

HAROLD BELL, '07.

## CHANSON

WILL you not see me, *ma chérie*?  
So long I wait, —  
And all the while you meekly contemplate  
Your knitting-work, I know you laugh at me.  
Will you not look up — once,  
*Ma belle chérie?*

Will you not kiss me, *ma chérie*?  
So long I wait, —  
And all the while you sit and idly prate  
Of learned things, I know you jest with me.  
Will you not kiss me, — once,  
*Ma belle chérie?*

Will you not love me, *ma chérie*?  
So long I yearn, —  
And all the while you jest and laugh, and turn  
To other loves, I know you'll love but me.  
Will you not love me, — now,  
*Ma belle chérie?*

HERMANN HAGEDORN, JR., '07.



### PART III

We love to personify our college. Harvard is to me as truly human as the men and women that I meet from day to day ; a human being of heroic mould, —

“ A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,  
And most divinely fair.”

LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS, '75.



## LE NABAB

Ho! friends, twine your temples with poppies and vine!

Ho! minstrel, come nearer us, into the light,  
And sing us once more of your themes divine!

We'll live like the princes themselves, to-night!

Long, long, and grievous, and bitter, the fight  
After riches; yet, now I'm sovereign,

To feast my old comrades *chez moi* were but right,  
For who knows if we ever shall meet again?

See how my porcelains glint and shine

On the polished rosewood. Oh, lucky wight,  
To be dainty of truffles, of sweetbread, of wine,  
While he lives as an orient monarch might!

How far he *once* tramped through the mud for a bite  
Of a crust, or a haystack to keep off the rain!

Ah, be gay while ye can! Fortune hastes on her flight;  
And who knows if we ever shall meet again?

Here be sherries from Spain and sauternes from the Rhine;

Here be wines that are crimson and wines that are white;  
Here be champagnes and clarets. Drink all, — they are mine!

We'll live like the princes themselves, to-night!

Drink, till the day breaks again on our sight!  
Drink, while the golden stars wax and wane!

Drink! For the present, at least, is bright,  
And who knows if we ever shall meet again?

## ENVOY

Princes mocked at our sorrowful plight,

Yet we'll live like the princes themselves, to-night;

Drowned for a day, at least, hunger and pain,

Though — God knows if we ever shall meet again!

LLOYD MCKIM GARRISON, '88.

## AN ANSWER

TO "WHY I READ HERRICK"

*I READ my Herrick first of all  
When Nature grows tyrannical.*

"'Tis winter," says the Almanac :—  
The ponds are frozen ; windows crack ;  
On iron earth deep lies the snow ;  
And rude, tempestuous zephyrs blow.  
Outside my pane go stumbling by  
Chloris, Corinne, and Lalage ;  
Their dainty necks are wrapped in furs,  
Their slender hands are prisoners  
In sable muffs, and glossy seals  
Enwrap their forms from head to heels ;  
And yet they seem not all content  
Even in such soft environment ;  
For Cora's face looks pinched and old,  
And Chloris' nose is red with cold ;  
Keen winds are howling on their track ;  
"'Tis winter," sighs the Almanac.

But what care I if winter rage?  
I turn the often-studied page,  
And, in a moment, ice and snow  
Are empty things of long ago ;  
While mossy banks with violets growing,  
Like stars through cloudlets dimly glowing,  
And harebells in the heather tangled,  
And meadows marguerite-bespangled,  
And rippling brooks and water-cresses,  
May Queens and buxom shepherdesses,  
Soft winds in fragrant forests dying,  
And ravens through the oak-wood flying,  
And throstles singing in the trees  
Of the far-famed Hesperides,



Are mine once more ; and ice and snow  
Seem empty things of long ago.

*I read my Herrick first of all  
When Nature grows tyrannical.*

LLOYD MCKIM GARRISON, '88.

## ANOTHER ANSWER

TO "WHY I READ HERRICK"

I READ my Herrick oftenest  
Since I love best what he loved best ;  
And as I know that every grace  
Adorning Julia's tender face, —  
The witching eyes, more eloquent  
Than e'er was Peer in Parliament,  
The fitting color of her cheek,  
The lips, that do not seem to speak,  
But, like the forest breeze of even,  
To echo harmonies of Heaven ;  
Nay, that the very smallest things,  
Her zone, her hand, her finger-rings,  
The voice, the laugh, that I have prized,  
By him have been immortalized, —  
Since he sings best what I love best,  
Of all I read him oftenest.

LLOYD MCKIM GARRISON, '88.

## NEMESIS

WHEN Felix loses at the cards, he swears  
He knows thereby his Love some gift prepares ;  
And when the Lady chides him, "Good," cries he,  
"Dame Fortune now has luck in store for me !"  
(Nor does he boast in vain, for, at his hand,  
Venus and Fortune do alternate stand).  
Oh, happy Felix ! Oh, unhappy me,  
The sport of both forever doomed to be !  
For if *my* Love grows wintry, cynic Fate  
Lends me "three kings" to back against a "straight," —  
(Would I forget her at the game) : and worse,  
Yes, worst, she rails, when Luck has robbed my purse.

LLOYD MCKIM GARRISON, '88.

## A GOOD BINDE ON PUCKE

WHEN Pucke doth sweare yt th' puppe Assyrian grimme  
Lett noe scorned verse escape, — why Pucke doth lie !  
For many a one ye *Centurie* hath passed bye  
With floute and gibe, I've foisted off on hym !

LLOYD MCKIM GARRISON, '88.

## A STUDY IN YELLOW

DREAMY she lies in her porcelain palace,  
Soud-ja the princess, the fair young barbarian.  
Soft shine her eyes from her sweeping jet eyelashes,  
While from the window behind, golden sun rays,  
Filtering through the thin screen of pale rushes,  
Glow o'er her soft clinging robes of light amber.  
See her slim hand, long-nailed, henna-tinted,  
Eagerly turning the crisp, pictured pages !  
Deeply absorbed in the dainty book, mark her,  
What tale is 't, a romance all peopled with houris,  
A poem, a soft sigh of some eloquent poet ?  
No — what entrances, charms this young princess,  
Look, 't is a fashion-book latest from Paris.

CHARLES WARREN, '89.

## THOUGHTS AND POETS

THOUGHTS are jewels, poets say,  
Bards are beggars. And to-day,  
This may be the reason why  
Poets will not even try  
To begem their verse. They feel  
It is such a sin to steal !

NATHANIEL STEPHENSON.

## INVITATION

COME and sip a glass of ale,  
Come and smoke a quiet pipe ;  
Though your high ambitions fail,  
Though the hours be not ripe  
For your mighty thoughts : in glee,  
Come and make a group of three.

Life is hard enough at best,  
Full of rough and troubled ways ;  
And the visions that seem dressed  
With most beauty, as you gaze,  
Fade to shadows : come, and be  
One amid a group of three.

Some say pleasant voices call  
To the soul, when life is done ;  
Some say this sad life is all,  
And the truth is known to none.  
Come and sip a glass of ale,  
Come and tell a quiet tale.

SEWALL CARROLL BRACKETT, '91.

## TOUCHSTONE

THE court fool played with many a jest  
That flashed like a meteor bright ;  
And the King and his court laughed long and loud,  
For they held carouse that night,  
And the wine was red, and the wine was free,  
And their hearts were merry and light.  
But the sparkling wine soon ceased to flow,  
And the jests are forgotten long ago.

And sorrow came to the King and his court,  
And the jester shared their woe ;  
When, lo, through his grief there shone a smile,  
And his jest was like the glow  
Of the sun on his honest, loyal tears.  
And the King was cheered, I trow.  
And the King is dead these thousand years,  
But the jest still charms a smile from tears.

JOHN CORBIN, '92.

## SONG

*Margaret sits at her wheel*

A LILY grew by a river,  
And softly unfolded its timorous leaves to the sun  
That warmed and whitened and withered them one by one,  
The lily that grew by a river.

A heart lay bare to a lover,  
Who held it up full to the face of the light and the morn,  
And wooed it and won it and cast it away outworn ;  
The heart that lay bare to a lover.

As it has been, so is it ever, —  
The lily still turns to the warming, withering sun,  
The heart loves on till loving and life be done, —  
And so will it be forever.

ALGERNON TASSIN, '92.

## SONG

I saw a knight fare gaily in the sun,  
Gold was his flowing hair ;  
And 'fore his steed did grace and glory run  
To speak him fair.  
"I would I were Sir Knight," quoth I,  
With tear-dimmed eye.

I saw my Lord ride forth from out his gate,  
Gemmed all with jewels rare ;  
And forty thanes did follow him in state  
'Mid bugle blare.  
"I would I were Sir Lord," quoth I,  
With moody sigh.

I met my Lady in the garden shade,  
Lent-lilies plucked she there ;  
And by her side a little love-eyed maid,  
Who smiled at me, I swear.  
"I would I were none other 'neath the sky !"  
Quoth I.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY, '93.

## A FAN PAINTED BY WATTEAU

OLD ivory and yellow lace ;  
A landscape flushed with early day,  
Aurora's rouged and roguish face  
Reflected in the beryl bay,  
'Mid waves that blandly bow away,  
Green-liveried, bewigged with snow, —  
We hold within a fan's display  
The courtly world of old Watteau.

With amorous and tender grace  
The Triton pipes a virelay ;  
The argent-breasted Nymph we trace  
Through flying folds that stream astray,  
As slyly trained to half betray  
The ribboned flock before her go ;  
The beach is oft a pasture-way  
In courtly world of old Watteau.

Oh, homely world whereon we pace,  
Where love scarce rhymes a roundelay,  
Where robes conceal, and men are base,  
And evening skies absurdly gay  
And crudely green, as sighs Boucher,  
Devoid of art the grasses grow, —  
Roll back, and bring within to-day  
The courtly world of old Watteau !

### ENVOY

And, Loveliest, thou month of May,  
E'en thou, Supreme, wouldst fail to show  
From willow veil and hawthorn spray  
The courtly world of old Watteau.

BEATRICE BENA WITTE, R. '92.



## THE TOWNSMAN AND THE TROUBADOUR

*How the Troubadour singeth under the window of the Townsman*

THERE was a Troubadour gay  
Who sang some roundelays  
Of love, and war, and knightly play,  
Of tournament, of merry May,  
And quiet summer days.

*How the Townsman slayeth the Troubadour*

THERE was a Townsman grim  
Who had no ear for tune,  
And threw some heavy thing at him,  
Endangering his life and limb,  
So that he died in June.

*How the Townsman dieth also, and is punished in Purgatory*

THAT Townsman died one winter day,  
And down below, always  
Hears, from above, that song of May,  
Of love, and war, and knightly play,  
And quiet summer days.

RALPH BERGENGREN, '93.

## FABLE

### THE ROLICKING FOOL AND THE WEEPING MAID

ADOWN the King's highway a poor fool strode,  
And his step was so light on the long, long road  
That as he went striding and loud as he sang,  
The bells on his bauble they rippled and rang, —  
    They rang on the rollicking fool.

Oh, he never slackened his nimble pace,  
Till he met a maid with a sad, sad face ;  
He saw that she wept, and she softly sighed,  
And to quiet his bells he vainly tried, —  
    They rang on the rollicking fool.

Tho' lightly he lifted his long-toed shoon,  
The bells still rang in a wild, wild tune ;  
Tho' like yon maple he stood stock-still,  
The bells on his bauble they jangled at will,  
    And rang on the rollicking fool.

"Ah, well-a-day for a sad, sad maid,  
And well-a-day for a bad, bad trade ;  
But groaning and sighing won't better the case,  
So I'll flaunt my trade with a prideful grace,  
    And ring like a rollicking fool."

HENRY BREVOORT EDDY, '94.

## EPITAPH FOR A POET

THE critics scorned to criticize,  
The editors to analyze,  
    The poems I was wont to write ;  
And friends themselves showed no surprise  
    That men could be so impolite.

One man there was, however, who  
Possessed a most exalted view  
    Of all I ever wrote or said ;  
Of all the men I ever knew,  
    He only had a level head.

He was a man intelligent,  
Who from a better land was sent ;  
    A poet of a high degree  
Of fancy and of sentiment, —  
    A perfect genius, namely, Me.

HENRY BREVOORT EDDY, '94.

## THE MUG AND THE PIPE

OH, for the soul-filling gusto of beer !  
When it 's sip, sip, sip, and the bubbles  
Drip and drowse across the pewter's crystal disk  
Like morning mist adrift in snowy fields,  
Or little clouds across the summer sky.

And it 's puff, puff, puff, and upward curls  
The fragrant clouds filled full of memories  
Of whirling city nights, and painted faces,  
Or gentle, woody murmurs, and all the smells  
And purring sounds of restless, drowsy meadows.

Then it 's sip, sip, sip, — the pewter's kiss !  
So cool and chaste, so sweet but not to cloy,  
But bitter, like the frothy, brimming brine  
That 's drunk up gaily by the thirsty sand,  
While all the little ripples crackle merrily  
To bring such cool refreshment to the shore.

And it 's puff, puff, puff, and upward writhing  
Like magic snakes of hidden destiny,  
Or wraiths of deeds unborn, the smoky cloud  
Uprises from the hot prophetic bowl,  
And seems to beckon mockingly to me,  
As if it knew nor would my future tell.

CHARLES WARNER SHOPE, '94.

## ON READING STEVENSON'S ROMANCES

WITH him I traverse many a fancied land,  
And feel in each the vivid throb of sense, —  
The mingled play of mind and frame, both tense,  
That set my blood afire at his command.  
We wander now across the drifting sand  
Where winds blow salt, and barren dunes commence ;  
Now on a parching rock, in hiding, whence  
We slink at evening, softly, hand in hand.

With David we are prisoners on the "Bass,"  
And listen to the solan's strident cry ;  
We toil awestricken through the dark morass,  
Or hear blind Pew come tapping, tapping by ;  
We run with Dick and Matcham when they fly,  
And rest at night with them on scented grass.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON,' 95.

## THE BALLADE OF BEARDSLEY

THROUGHOUT *The Yellow Book*, page on page,  
They leer, they scowl, and they leer again ;  
The goblin-trolls that are all the rage,  
Distorted spawn of a morbid brain,  
Hair matted thick as a lion's mane,  
A naked bosom, a naked back,  
Reach a grotesquerie near insane  
In Aubrey Beardsley's white and black.

A marionette with a grinning page  
That beareth aloft her courtly train ;  
A Venus in Furs who inspires a rage  
Of love as depraved as Paul Verlaine ;  
A hornèd maid 'twixt harlequins twain, —  
At these we smile, yet we know, alack,  
A nameless horror doth always reign  
O'er Aubrey Beardsley's white and black.

So this is our race's heritage, —  
Art where technique is gone insane ;  
Ghastly caprice of a doddering age  
That squandered beauty and truth in vain.  
'Tis a deeper curse than the curse of Cain,  
When genius turns to a vicious knack,  
"Pinnacled in the intense inane"  
Of Aubrey Beardsley's white and black.

### ENVOY

Prince of the harmonies, pity our pain,  
Give us our form and color back  
To prelude a nobler, wiser strain  
Than Aubrey Beardsley's white and black.

HENRY HARMON CHAMBERLIN, JR., '95.

## WHY?

THE Moslem grave, with reverent care,  
As he enters the mosque to morning prayer,  
At the threshold halts, and his sandals leaves,  
Showing how humble the faith he believes.

Out from the mosque in haughty pride  
The Moslem comes with quickened stride,  
The best pair of shoes he selects with care,  
Leaving his own for his neighbor's share.

In every country of Christian or Turk,  
Be it sandal or shoe of Western work,  
Why is it that laymen and clergy choose  
To step with a stride in their neighbors' shoes?

NORRIS HASTINGS LAUGHTON, '95.

## THE FOOL SAITH

"AH, wise am I!" the court sage cried;  
"And I a fool," the jester sighed.  
"The sage his wisdom hath denied!"  
The king exclaimed, "and magnified  
With wisdom is the jester pied."

PERCY ADAMS HUTCHISON, '98.

“BOTTOMS UP” AD FINEM

You know how we are wont to stand  
And hold on high the brimming cup,  
And how the leader gives command,  
And how we drink to “Bottoms up!”

So would I drain life to the lees,  
With all its sorrow, all its pain,  
Nor care if no to-morrow’s breeze  
Shall cool the reeling, aching brain.

The lamps are flashing down the hall;  
The ruddy wine brims every cup;  
Then stand ye ready, gallants all,  
For, hark, the cry is “Bottoms up!”

Oh, what is life but ruddy wine!  
Of joy and pain, a mingled cup! —  
Then, gallants, take again the sign,  
Nor fear to drink to “Bottoms up!”

PERCY ADAMS HUTCHISON, '98.



## ON CARTOONS IN "PUNCH"

CRY, and call names : bullies have acted so  
    (When unsuccessful !) since the youth of Cain,  
    And Cain, too, in the madness of his pain,  
Sought to wipe out disgrace by one swift blow ;  
What though your harried, long reluctant foe  
    Were reckless of war-laws with all disdain ?  
    If girt by lawless thieves, with might and main  
He strikes — shall your law judge him guilty ? No.

Sit safe at home entrenched by armored seas  
    While your bought bullies wreak their outland shames ;  
Let your arch fool, your tyrant at his ease,  
    Fling insult even with the shell that maims ;  
Ay, laugh in licensed motley as you please  
    Until you're hurt : then cry, — and call bad names.

## RUDYARD KIPLING

BOB BROWNING rang us metres like a boiler blowing steam,  
And Swinburne sang us metres that are smooth as Jersey cream,  
And Tennyson trilled songs that make your heartstrings rise and  
fall.

Those fellows knew a trick or two, but Kipling knows them all.

*Here's to the British-Hindoo  
That pipes the tune of men,  
Who sees life through the window  
Of his broad, unshuttered ken;  
He is n't milk-and-water,  
Nor a cynic in his den,  
But a giant man and master  
That pipes the tune of men.*

He sees good in the mud-yard just the same as on the lawn,  
And he knows a man (does Rudyard), if his last shirt is in pawn.  
He holds out his hand to help him, if he's driven to the wall;  
Some poets fight for some men's right, but Kipling fights for all.

He's not so damned æsthetic as to spoil the English tongue,  
A man does n't need emetic when he's heard what Rudyard's sung.  
He does n't dodge away from words that savor of the stall,  
Some poets use a silk-dressed muse, but Kipling woos them all.

When we're tired of fiddle-diddle from the harps of poet-boys,  
And our hearts are sick down to the quick of egoistic noise  
Of women scribbling rhymes instead of crooning cradle songs,  
Of prudes who handle honest words with nickel-plated tongs —

For the love of past humanity who made us what we are,  
For the love of living men and men in futures near and far,  
He sings us this — There's no abyss too broad for hope to span;  
God's sent "a man like Robbie Burns to sing the song" of man!

Above the yelping of the curs that howl that life 's a lie,  
Fools who pretend the only end of living is to die,  
His organ peal must make us feel our strength to breast the squall,  
For Kipling sings of human things, the songs that move us all.

*Here's to the British-Hindoo  
That pipes the song of men,  
Who sees life through the window  
Of his broad, unshuttered ken;  
He is n't milk-and-water,  
He's an engine with a pen,  
When his ink flows, God's clarion blows  
And pipes the tune of men.*

JOHN ALBERT MACY, '99.

## THE SEA-COAST GUNS

WE crouch by the outer gates,  
Where the high-backed headlands rise.  
We are still while the foeman prates,  
But we watch with tireless eyes ;  
And the bright ships come and go, and the lonely fog-horns hoot ;  
But tide on tide, with silent pride,  
The sea-coast guns are mute.

### REFRAIN

Our lips are wet with flying spray,  
Our backs with yellow spume ;  
But there comes a day when we bar the way  
With our hollow-throated " Boom ;"  
When we mingle our bass with the rip of the tide,  
When we bare our teeth in challenge wide,  
When we waken the sleeping ones.

Boom ! Boom !

Drop hammer, leave loom ;  
Give heed to the sea-coast guns.

But little ye know who sleep,  
Of the patient guns that guard.  
All thankless our watch we keep,  
That the channel-gates be barred ;  
But the shore-lights and stately gulls, they see us at our post,  
And look with pride from the rocks beside,  
On the watch-dogs of the coast.

Death-like our time we bide  
Till the wrath of men is hot ;  
Then speak we across the tide  
With a tongue that falters not.  
Like baying hounds, with muzzles bared, and flattened ears we leap,  
And the foeman knows while the life-blood flows,  
The watch that the great guns keep.

CLARENCE SAMUEL HARPER, '99.

## CONTENT

My books add up, my balance is complete.

I have been here in service certain years —

In my own service howsoe'er appears

The double score men show me in the street —

For which I owe no debt I cannot meet,

And claim no recompense beyond some cheers

That time and time have sounded in my ears,

And laughter that my memories repeat.

If I have made some failures, look and see —

For every fault of mine the loss is mine ;

If I have gained some gain — well, let it be

As it has been my pleasure, keen and fine :

Losses and gains that others owe to me

I owe again, so cancel every line.

JOHN FRANCIS BRICE, '99.

## THE VAGABONDS

OVER the mountains we trample, the troop of us —  
Nature wakes up when she hears the mad whoop of us.  
Where is the tree but has sheltered a group of us

    In all the land where we hold jubilee?  
Never a sparrow was half so ubiquitous,  
Never a monk so benignly iniquitous,  
Never a rover who would n't come quick wit' us,  
    If we should ask him a comrade to be.

Slouch-hatted Wanderers!  
Lazy time-squanderers!  
(Barbers and Launderers,  
    Out of the way!)  
Oh, for the glees we have!  
Oh, the fine sprees we have!  
Oh, for the ease we have  
    All the long day!

Oh, the cool beer that is brewed of Bartholomay —  
Anheuser, Pabst! Oh, the songs that Apollo may  
Think out of tune! How we long for them all o' May

    Waiting for June to drag into July.  
Far from the towns (we can never get used to them),  
Far from the books and the duties, — a truce to them, —  
Out to the fields! How we long to break loose to them,  
    Where there's no smoke and no dust in the sky.

Under the sycamore,  
Where you love liquor more,  
Strike up a quick amour  
    With a milk-maid.  
Deuce take society  
With its propriety,  
Hypocrite piety,  
    Tinsels that fade.

Having no tastes that a saint could n't gratify,  
Needing no devil or angel to ratify,  
We are all true to the oath, " Knock me flat, if I  
Am not a friend to who's friendly to me."  
True to the truth of true human equality,  
Knowing that wisdom consists in frivolity,  
Certain of death, but more sure of earth's jollity,  
Sure with each breath that God's men are made free.

Live we in unity,  
Eat with impunity,  
Sleep with immunity  
From the world's care.  
Tramp-hood is bred in us,  
Running blood red in us ;  
Malice is dead in us  
Out in God's air.

JOHN ALBERT MACY, '99.

#### VERSE

Give me a horse like a stag,  
All life and motion :  
Spread me the prairie around,  
Vast as the ocean :  
Overhead scatter the clouds ;  
Make the sun master :  
Then shall my heart beat full,  
Freer, and faster.

HARRISON JEWELL HOLT, '98.

## STREET SONGS

### THE PIGEONS

OVER the houses and into the sky  
And into the dazzling light,  
Long hosts of fluttering pigeons fly  
Out of the blackened night,  
Over the houses and into the sky  
On glistening wings of white.

Over the city and into the blue  
From ledge and tower and dome,  
They rise and turn and turn anew,  
And like fresh clouds they roam,  
Over the city and into the blue  
And into their airy home.

### STATUARY

The windy morn has set their feet to dancing —  
Young Dian and Apollo on the curb,  
The pavement with their slender forms is glancing,  
No clatter doth their gaiety disturb.

No eyes are ever blind enough to shun them,  
Men wonder what their jubilance can be,  
No passer-by but turns to look upon them —  
Then goes his way with all his fancy free.

### THE MINSTREL

The streets lead out into a mist  
Of daisies and of daffodils —  
A world of green and amethyst,  
Of seas and of uplifted hills.

There bird-songs are not lost in eaves,  
Nor beaten down by cart and car,  
But drifting sweetly through the leaves,  
They die upon the fields afar.



Nor is the wind a broken thing  
That faints within hot prison cells,  
But rises on a silver wing  
From out among the heather bells.

WALLACE STEVENS, '01.

### ON A LITTLE VERSE

It was a simple little verse,  
So short, so neat, so deft, so terse,  
Its burden only this :  
"My votive glass, O Venus, take,  
And, goddess, into slivers break,  
Since I have lost my bliss."

A simple verse ! — if what I write,  
Compared with it as gray to white,  
No words my joy could speak :  
The reason you may understand ;  
It was turned well by Prior's hand  
From out of Plato's Greek.

H. L. W.

## OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL

SEE the blind and the lame at play,  
There on the summer lawn —  
She with her graceless eyes of clay,  
Quick as a frightened fawn,  
Running and tripping into his way  
Whose legs are gone.

How shall she 'scape him, where shall she fly,  
She who never sees?  
Now he is near her, now she is by —  
Into his arms she flees.  
Hear her gay laughter, hear her light cry  
Among the trees.

"Princess, my captive." "Master, my king."  
"Here is a garland bright."  
"Red roses, I wonder, red with the Spring,  
Red with a reddish light?"  
"Red roses, my princess, I ran to bring,  
And be your knight."

WALLACE STEVENS, '01.

## SONG OF THE SMITHY

OH, a tempered sword,  
Or a plough-share's edge,  
Or the steed of a knight for the shoeing —

A whispered word,  
And a secret pledge,  
With a nut-brown maid for the wooing!

Then wooing it,  
Shoeing it!  
Swinging it,  
Singing it!  
Blows are the armorers' trade.

While the hot sparks dart  
From the forge fire's heart,  
Like the eyes of his nut-brown maid.

LANGDON WARNER, '03.

## THE BALLAD OF THE TRENTON

March 16th, 1889, in the harbor of Apia, during a severe storm, the following line-of-battle ships foundered, besides six merchantmen. American vessels, *Nipsic*, *Vandalia*, *Trenton*; German vessels, *Adler*, *Eber*, *Olga*.

The only ship which escaped was the British cruiser *Calliope*, Captain Kane. This ship was able after fifteen hours' steaming to clear the harbor-mouth. It is reported, that as the *Calliope* pulled past the dragging *Trenton*, the crew of the American ship was piped to quarters and Rear Admiral Kimberly gave command to cheer the *Calliope*, saying that "Blood was thicker than water." Soon after this the *Trenton* foundered.

[*Cable despatch.*]

*ALL honor to old Kimberly,  
And honor to his crew,  
That went to death so merrily  
As 't was their pleasure to.*

'T was in the bay of Apia  
In March of eighty-nine,  
Rode thirteen sail at anchor,  
And six ships of the line.

Old Kimberly looked anxious,  
And scowled out through the sleet,  
"By Gad," he said, "small elbow room  
For a tumbling, pitching fleet.

"And if this storm keeps rising,  
And the wind shifts round a bit,  
You'll see some pretty dancing  
Before the ball is quit."

The wind came howling dismally,  
While the spray and spurting mist  
Struck full in the sailors' faces,  
Like the blow from a boxer's fist.

Then night closed in like a curtain,  
With smothering fold on fold,  
And Kimberly rang "Full steam ahead!"  
"Pray God the kedges hold!"

All night they fought at anchor  
As the black waves tumbled by,  
All night the stokers sweated  
That were so soon to die.

And when 't was time for morning,  
No blessed sun dared rise,  
But a grayness showed to the eastward  
Like the stare in a dead man's eyes.

Then through the thunder of wave-crash  
They heard a sullen boom,  
And they knew that the guns on the *Olga*  
Were sounding the *Olga's* doom.

Thrice more that awful morning  
Was heard the death gun sound,  
But the pitiless rollers shouldered on,  
Nor told what the bottom found.

The fires were drown'd on the *Trenton*,  
And the rudder ripped away,  
With a drogue and a kedge to windward,  
They could but wait and pray.

When suddenly, over the stern-post,  
Leered through the gray of the sea  
The prow of a line-of-battle ship, —  
Her masts like a gallows-tree.

"It's Kane, with the *Calliope*!"  
Said Admiral Kimberly then,  
"Bos'n, pipe 'to the yard-arms,'  
We'll give him a cheer with his men.

"For blood is thicker than water,  
And they're fighting as plucky a fight  
As ever was fought by sea or land  
Through a hurricane day and night.

“ He ’s hauling out of danger  
While we drag down on the land ;  
Give them a cheer as they pass us,  
A cheer they can understand.”

Kimberly stood on the bridge there  
In the spray and driven sleet,  
And he bared his head to Captain Kane —  
This Admiral of the fleet.

Slowly came the *Calliope*,  
Battling inch for inch,  
So close that we heard the bos’n’s pipe,  
And the grind of the kedge-haul winch.

Then, as she breasted the *Trenton*,  
Broke out from the waiting crew  
A loud Hurrah for the Englishmen,  
A sound that the British knew.

Cheer upon cheer, we gave them,  
Topping the thunder of flood,  
American cheers for English lives,  
For we felt our British blood.

And the courteous Englishmen answered,  
Working their ship to sea ;  
Cheered, and waved their caps at us,  
Dying so cheerily.

And gray old Kimberly stood there,  
Pleased at the Englishman’s thanks,  
With his cap in his hand to Captain Kane —  
And — Death on the coral banks.

Then honor to our Admiral,  
That kindly gentleman !  
And honor to brave Captain Kane,  
And the race with death he ran !

And what was the end of Captain Kane?  
Oh, he pulled out to sea,  
And from a fleet of thirteen lost  
Saved the *Calliope*.

And what was the end of the *Trenton*  
And the men who cheered so brave?  
The green of the slow Pacific roll  
Is the green of the sod on their grave.

*Now honor to brave Kimberly,  
And to the Trenton's crew,  
That met their death so merrily,  
As 't was their pleasure to !*

LANGDON WARNER, '03.

#### QUATRAIN

I WALKED five leagues, high-souled and free,  
Glad of each flower and bird and tree,  
Since when a monarch proud am I,  
For those five leagues belong to me.

H. H.

## THE BOY AND THE WORLD

"THE whole world is like yon girl,"

Quoth the Boy ;

"Each to be won for the striving,  
Subtle, and sweet, and fair, and clean,  
Melting, and gay, with a proud free mien,  
Each to be had for the striving."

"Then first I'll strive for the world,"

Quoth the Boy.

But the world fled from him, mocking,  
Sordid, and foul, like a city's breath,  
Glittering, tinselled, and rank with death,  
With a twitch of its cloak fled mocking.

Then he put his hand in the maid's,

Did the Boy ;

Clear-eyed she was and tender.

God said — "The girl and the world are one,  
Start fresh ! Oh, Life that is new begun,  
Start fresh in the East's new splendor !"

LANGDON WARNER, '03.

## INJUNS

WHEN Uncle Billy's feelin' slick

En lets me tag a gunnin',

He seems ter change an awful lot

En sets my fancy runnin'.

As he goes snoopin' on ahead,

His old hat grows a feather,

His galluses hold tomahawks,

His jeans's painted leather.

I'm almos' skert to go along,

'Fraid I'll get scalpt er skinned alive ;

En yet we're only in the marsh

Atween the cornfield en the drive !

CHARLES GREELY LORING, JR., '03.



## HORACE

“CEASE toil, kind friend, and test my Massic wines ;  
Let music soft refresh your weary brain ;  
Call in the maids to sing sweet Sappho's lines —  
Sweet Sappho's lines to sweeter Lesbian strains.”  
Whose voice is that which calls me from my task  
And bids me break the strain of working-day ;  
To stretch my limbs in shade with glad'ning flask  
And waste the hours of sunshine in mere play ?  
A bard, of days that younger men forget —  
Of words no longer heeded by the throng  
Of racing merchants now-a-days. And yet,  
Kind friend, I love to hear his pleasant song —  
Old Horace, quaintly singing to the end,  
That life is pleasure, and each man a friend.

RALPH WALTER PAGE, '03.

## MY WEAPONS

I HAVE an arsenal of wit,  
Unerring shafts of thought sublime :  
Arrows, all sure the clout to hit —  
Whole quivers full of clever rhyme.

But when I seek these for my bow  
To emulate bold Robin's skill  
And let the gaping yokels know  
My fatal art to wound or kill,

Somehow, there comes a baffling wind,  
The shafts seem warped, the bow too light, —  
Or some one jogs me from behind,  
And all my skill is wasted quite.

C. G.

## IN PRAISE OF MISTRESS SPRING

HARK ye, my masters, hear me sing  
My rollicking praise of Mistress Spring,  
The blithest, breeziest, mad-cap thing  
We've met with in our frolicking!

Betimes all melancholy wise  
She sheds the softest tears that fall,  
And shyly with her pleading eyes  
Entreats your pity for it all.

Then off she frisks with roguish smile  
(Ah, dolt, to try to ease her pain!),  
Twitching her mantle; you the while  
Dripping disconsolate in the rain.

Thus all compact of wind and sun,  
Thus tearful is my tricky jade,  
But tell me, masters, know you one  
More charming than my Protean maid?

Flirt? Ay, you're right; yet I opine  
She's worthy well our worshiping.  
Come, clink me your glasses, masters mine,  
One rousing health to Mistress Spring.

She'll brim with rare red wine the glass,  
Thrill o' new life and laughter bring,  
A buxom, heartsome, generous lass,  
I warrant ye, my Mistress Spring!

CHARLES LOUIS STORY, '03.

## THE WEST TRAIL

Ho, pardner! Hit the trail again,  
Clean off from the cobble and rail again,  
Away from the drink and the boys.  
For women and liquor can't hold me now,  
It's only my blanket can fold me now,  
Once quit of the fun and the noise.

You're a bit of a Maverick too, yourself,  
Don't care for the frills and the frivols and pelf,  
Just want to keep moving along.  
For a girl you can buy for the price of it,  
And a drink is gone with the ice of it,  
But a man's not bought for a song.

Ho, pardner! Hit the trail again,  
Strike off from the East that grows pale again,  
Off to the North and the West.  
There's a little black mare that's the pony for me,  
And, pardner, *you* are the crony for me,  
Yes, pardner, — you're the best.

LANGDON WARNER, '03.

## ALAS

A MODEL of propriety  
Must suffer from sobriety;  
What you or I  
Might safely try  
In him will cause anxiety.

CHARLES GREELY LORING, JR., '03.

## PARODIES

"I SAW Esau kissing Kate ;  
The fact is, we all three saw.  
For I saw Esau, he saw me,  
And Kate saw I saw Esau."

Not on Rocanthus. nor where many a steep  
Pours down its thunderous flood into the gulph  
That borders on the wide Tamartine sea  
Has man beheld such wonders. For I looked  
With one swift glance that like the wingèd steeds  
Of the great Lord of Lightnings smote along  
The spaces of the firmament, and saw  
Their sweet embrace ambrosial, — like that first  
When Two stood in the Garden, and no wrath  
Had come from Heaven to blast them. With one look  
He saw that I beheld them ; and her eyes  
Drew store of knowledge from his luminous orbs.

*John Milton.*

From that still place she glanced adown  
And saw that he had seen  
My lonely form that lingered there  
Behind the woven green,  
And knew that my grave, quiet eyes  
Had looked on what had been.

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

Well, what about it all ? Methinks 't were as well  
I saw them as I did, and that she saw  
The seeing light o' his eyes. And now they know.  
Bah, pish, ahem ! Let them look t' it. — I know !

*Robert Browning.*

Oh, the fleet faint flush of their kisses,  
The warm wooed wind of their sighs!  
In a veil of ephemeral blisses  
Their rapture pants fiercely, and dies.  
Then he turns from his foam-sweet caressing  
And knows that I saw the lips pressing;  
She sees his swift look, all confessing  
With passion-pale eyes.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE, '04.

### TO A COYOTE

SILENT howler of the Wilderness —  
The lonesome rear-guard of the Plain,  
Receiver of the moon's caress,  
The watcher of the slain —  
The bison and the buffalo  
Slain  
On the Plain  
Where the long white wagons go.

RALPH WALTER PAGE, '03.

## BALLAD

WHERE pleasantly the boughs at noon  
In the warm sunlight cast a cool lagoon  
Of flickering shadows on the ground,  
Brother Hubertus lay in sleep profound  
Caused by a conscience free from sin, —  
And a good dinner safely stowed within.  
And as he slept in peace, it seemed  
As if within the leaves 'neath which he dreamed  
There hung a ripe and luscious peach,  
But 'spite his efforts, just beyond his reach.  
When he awoke, 't was with a sigh  
Half of regret and half of comfort, when his eye  
Fell on a maiden lying fast asleep : —  
“ Holy St. Antony ! My spirit keep ! ” —  
And crossed himself. “ How came she there ? ”  
And then more softly — “ Eve was scarce more fair ! ”  
He gazed in wonder as she lay,  
Her lips apart, her tresses all astray,  
And there, to heighten his distress,  
Peeped a white shoulder in sweet wantonness.  
Then suddenly a fine monastic wrath  
Seized on Hubertus, and he cried : “ Be off !  
I know thee, Satan ! — *Retro me !* ”  
But Satan answered him most drowsily :  
“ Stay, Sweetheart ! Night is scarcely fled  
And day comes all too soon ! ” — By fear made bold  
Hubertus shook her with an iron hold.  
“ Wake, Sirene ! Satane ! Wake ! ” he cries ; —  
Then trembling seized him, for two laughing eyes  
Gazed into his with such a look  
That all his godly wrath him straight forsook.  
Half in reproach and half in play  
She whispered : “ Is this Charity ? Oh, say,  
Am I so vile ? ” Hubertus looked away. —  
“ Nay, thou art rough, but not unkind !  
Is it then sinful to be fair, and find

Pleasure in loving for love's sake? —  
If thou art thirsty, monk, dost thou not slake  
Thy thirst at the clear spring close by? —  
That appetite God gave to satisfy.  
When thou art hungry, thou dost eat;  
When weary, rest. And all these things are sweet.  
One appetite alone is cursed, —  
'T is when the heart is hungry and athirst!"  
And as Hubertus listened at her feet,  
It seemed he ne'er had heard words half so sweet,  
And all seemed wondrous fair and wise,  
Her every glance and motion sweet surprise.  
Then told she tales of courtoisie  
And sang strange songs that made him laugh and sigh,  
And when night fell and darkness grew,  
Her white feet sparkled, dancing in the dew.  
The rising moon saw from on high, —  
But then, — she kept her counsel, — so shall I!

. . . . .

Hubertus passed in meditation  
Three days and nights in flagellation.

GEORGE WILLIAM DUNNING GRIBBLE, '05.

“CHANSON HAWAIENNE”

ON the beach of Wiki-Wiki  
Where the gentle monsoon blows,  
And the “*grande toilette de rigueur*”  
Is a ring worn through the nose ;  
On the beach of Wiki-Wiki  
Where the breeze kicks up a fuss,  
And the cocoanuts redundant  
Wake the hippopotamus ;  
On the beach of Wiki-Wiki  
Where the monkeys in festoons  
Hang upon the swaying branches,  
And the parrots whistle tunes ;  
On the beach of Wiki-Wiki  
Where in unclad primal bliss  
Island gallants chase their maidens  
Up the palm trees for a kiss ;  
On the beach of Wiki-Wiki  
Where the untamed Wahu whines  
And the walrus plays at leap-frog  
With the fretful porcupines ;  
On the beach of Wiki-Wiki,  
Listening to a cockatoo,  
Clad in coral beads and seaweed,  
I indite these lines to you.

GEORGE WILLIAM DUNNING GRIBBLE, '05.



## THE OLD SONG

A LITTLE feast, a little fast,  
A little hour of play;  
A little caught, a little cast —  
So runs the world away!

A little maid, a little "Yes,"  
A little wish 't was "Nay;"  
A little weeping in the night —  
So runs the world away!

A little wind, a little snow,  
A little time to stay;  
A little thought of former years —  
So runs the world away!

CHARLES SIBLEY GAGE, '67.



## PART IV

The true Harvard is the invisible Harvard in the souls of her more truth-seeking and independent and often very solitary sons.

WILLIAM JAMES, M. '69.



## THE CONQUEST

IN one unbroken sheet the dazzling snow  
    Hid fence and field, and all the sky was gray ;  
    No sun outbeamed at morning, and the day  
With dull and lagged hours seemed loath to go.  
But from the south there sprang a breeze, and lo !  
    Within the air there breathed a hint of May ;  
    The dormant pulses of each frost-chilled spray  
Leaped with a strong and sudden overflow.

Then Winter knew within his icy heart  
    That he must meet his enemy, the Spring,  
    And summoned all his legions, but in vain ;  
The invincible conqueror bade the foe depart,  
    And, while the vanquished hosts were lingering,  
    Unfurled bright banners over hill and plain.

CLINTON SCOLLARD, G. S.

## HOMeward

AT going homeward through the beds of fern,  
Their scent along the breezy upland seemed  
Elusively to hint the sweet return  
And refulfilment of a dream long dreamed.

A garden, bright with rose and iris bloom,  
The steadfast elms and cheery sparrows fill  
With shadow and song from dawn to tranquil gloom, —  
Awaiting desolate one footfall still.

The stars come out, and the broad river fares  
In deep majestic beauty to the sea,  
And one sad kindred heart that loves him bears  
Far homeward out across the night to thee !

BLISS CARMAN, G. S.

## MANQUE

As faster through the glass runs time,  
More nimbly, too, runs on my rhyme ;  
Though I may sing of naught that 's high,  
With all my rhyming ere I die.

I had died great if rhymes had rung  
About my ears when I was young ;  
Or, could I sing the undefiled  
And heavenly fancies of the child.

LLOYD MCKIM GARRISON, '88.

## WOODLAND MUSIC

### PANTOUM

LONG years ago, 'neath sighing trees,  
Sly Pan made music sweet to hear ; —  
To-day they 'd say it was the breeze  
That rung in melody so clear.

Sly Pan made music sweet to hear,  
Men hearkened to the song o'erhead  
That rang in melody so clear.  
“Great Pan is now abroad,” they said.

Men hearkened to the song o'erhead,  
Their trials and their cares forgot ;  
“Great Pan is now abroad,” they said,  
“Unlucky he who hears him not.”

Their trials and their cares forgot,  
Thereafter breathed a purer air ;  
“Unlucky he who hears him not.”  
And life seemed afterward more fair.

Thereafter breathed a purer air ;  
Ah, were he here with songs like these !  
Would life seem afterward more fair,  
As years ago 'neath sighing trees ?

WINTHROP WETHERBEE, '87.

## A BUST OF HOMER

THOSE mute lips once were voiceful. To thy words  
The eager throng in trembling rapture clung,  
Deeming more rare the accents of thy tongue  
Than breath of roses, or the song of birds.  
Still stood the wheel, the youth forsook his herds,  
Within the shops the apron idly hung ;  
While cheeks grew wet, or light-winged laughter rung  
From hearts that knew it not till afterwards.

All silent now, that wondrous voice of thine !  
And they, thy listeners, have followed thee  
Into the shadowy vale of Proserpine.  
But through the souls of men unceasingly  
Surges the music of thy song divine  
Like distant echoes from the sounding sea.

FRANCIS MICHAEL, '87.



## DANTE IN EXILE

AH! Dante, when the lazy, flagging years  
Dropped snow-white blossoms on thy laureled head ;  
And deeper on thy cheek the paths of tears  
Grew, for thy well-beloved Florence shed ;  
When sin paraded in the robes of right,  
And darkness choked the tender light of day,  
And men groped blindly, void of moral sight,  
Nor knew the truth to guide them on their way :  
Then cringed thou not, nor feared to heed the word  
That bade thee speak in tones divinely caught ;  
And from thy lips the distant thunders heard  
In worlds unknown, burst, with deep meaning fraught.  
Why weep'st thou then, if men revile thee still,  
When Heaven ordains thee to proclaim its will ?

JOHN DANIEL BARRY, '88.

## CONTENT

I HAVE seen the moon when she hung  
    Beneath the far-scattered stars,  
When the distant nightingale sung  
    Thro' the sound of the swift night jars ;  
I have seen her breasting the scud,  
    As a ship, waves that foam and flee,  
And shine in a rippled flood  
    Of light on the restless sea ;  
And oft with mysterious fear  
    Watched her glide thro' the faintest mist —  
    Just seen where by soft beams kissed —  
Like some swan o'er an unrippled mere.

Oft, blushing from Tithonus' bed,  
    For me, Dawn, gray-clad as a nun,  
With her gold hair about her shed  
    Led forth the team of the sun —  
Oft I have felt the sun in his might,  
    When each flower drooped his head,  
When the rivers sang in his light,  
    But the birds were still as the dead —  
And when night empurpled the east  
Saw him enter, as darkness increased,  
    The brazen-walled house of his rest,  
    In the crags of the mists of the West.

Ah, rest with me in the shade !  
    These glories are good to behold ;  
The price of all labor must fade,  
    As the clouds with their fleeces of gold ;  
Fresh glories will rise on the morrow —  
    But these are gone for away ;  
Nor can all our misery borrow  
    Its treasures of yesterday.

Take what the gods have given,  
No joy by labors obtained  
Is the joy after which you have strained ;  
Take what the wise gods have given.

HENRY SHELTON SANFORD, JR., '88.

### PEISINOE

THE old, old song of the old sea,  
The ancient sea, the serpent sea,  
A lady fair with gleaming eyes  
Beneath a gnarlèd tree, —

A lady fair with gleaming eyes,  
With golden hair coiled serpentwise  
Round slender throat, and white limbs bare  
To strange and sunset skies.

“ My wealth, my weal, — my lady fair,  
My serpent queen, my lady fair, —  
Land, life, for one kiss of thy mouth,  
Amid thy golden hair !

Her stretched arms call. He follows fleet.  
His sudden kiss burns sharp and sweet,  
His eyes are blind. He may not see  
The pit beneath her feet.

The old, old song of the old sea,  
The ancient sea, the serpent sea,  
A lady fair with gleaming eyes  
Beneath a gnarlèd tree.

HERBERT BATES, '90.

## A SKETCH

The meadows  
Full of mist,  
Powdered with gold from the setting sun, —  
The shadows,  
Holding tryst  
With the veiled moon now day is done, —

Blue gold,  
On the river  
Changed to flow a trembling green, —  
Willows old,  
Trembling ever  
As the night wind flies between, —

And ever across the unknown deeps  
Of the broken sky, the sunlight creeps  
To the west, and night the purple-eyed  
Takes his bride,  
And the river sleeps.

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE, '93.

## THE SKULL

AN Indian skull — over which the ants creep ;  
And up all around it the pert flowers peep  
    From the hot-scented sod,  
    And out of the eye-balls and nostrils they nod ;  
From an old chief's head,  
Whole centuries dead.

In the dim and primitive past  
    Of the simple Indian race,  
There rode o'er the prairies vast  
    A chief with a great, grim face, —  
There rode, like the piping blast,  
    A chief with a regal face.

White death, of the dirges dull,  
    Leaves this as the only trace :  
The yellowish, staring skull  
    Of the chief with his swarthy face, —  
The dry, old, crumbling skull  
    Of the chief with his great, grim face.

HENRY BREVOORT EDDY, '94.

## THE WRESTLERS

WATCHFUL, like supple tigers, on they come.  
Is there who can of these the victor guess?  
All sinewed grace, they scarce appear to press  
The tender sward. Until like beasts in some  
Unguarded moment, both men clinch midst hum  
Of lessened tension from the crowd. Then stress  
Of gleaming, ivory, muscled nakedness,  
While all the gasping multitude is dumb.  
A sudden fall. The vanquished damps with sweat  
The yielding verdure. And each quivering limb  
Slips from the other's form. Glistening and wet,  
The victor rises. His glad eyes are dim  
To waving multitudes. He turns to get  
The crown of olive they have brought to him.

CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU, '95.

## THE ATHLETE

NAKED he stands, and as the icy shower  
Kisses his firm white flesh with welcome chill,  
His limbs, once weary, now are fresh, and thrill  
And pulsate with the consciousness of power.  
A lithe faun, who, tired of his cool, green bower,  
Would mingle with the world of men, until,  
Crushed by life's sordidness and gloom, he will,  
Like Donatello, back to fields in flower  
And whisp'ring leaves, and plashing, sparkling streams?  
Or noble, god-like son of Hellas, who,  
At sound of contest, from the Past appears,  
And, standing midst his modern brothers, dreams  
Of the fair Isthmus and Olympus blue,  
His wreath of olive, — green despite the years?

CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU, '95.

## SUMMER'S FAREWELL WOOING

LISTEN ! Listen ! Don't you hear,  
In the gold corn's tasseled ear,  
Elfin music, sweet and clear  
    As a mermaid's sighing ?  
Soft as song of ocean shell,  
How the wind can play so well,  
Rustling in harmonious swell  
    Corn-stalks dead and dying.

Lie again within the grass,  
Watch the V-shaped wild-geese pass,  
Winging south to green morass,  
    Honking their weird rally ;  
See them melt into the sky,  
Where the sunset spreads its dye,  
Rich and warm, and wonder why  
    Winter makes a sally.

Pluck the flowers that o'er you nod,  
Daisies wild and golden-rod ;  
See how from their ripened pod  
    Tiny seeds are sifting ;  
Light as thistle's silky gown,  
Watch them waft and settle down,  
Future Springtime's floral crown  
    On the breezes drifting.

Taste the hoar-frost-laden air,  
Swell your chest and hold it there,  
Quaffing deep, and full, and fair,  
    Autumn's priceless brewing ;  
Droop your lids, and feast your eyes  
On the tinted woods and skies ;  
Know a dream of Paradise —  
    Summer's farewell wooing.

CLAY ARTHUR PIERCE, '96.



## JUNE IN THE CEMETERY

HERE is the grave of Joel Moss ;  
And here his relict, Dorcas, lies.  
The long, dry, silken grasses bloom  
With twinkling yellow butterflies.

Among the buzzing heads of grass,  
Anna Batista, round and clean,  
Has crushed her short, blue, starchy gown  
Sitting the lichened stones between.

“ Fought under Gen’l. Washington.”  
(Anna Batista’s pail of tin  
Reflects the sunshine blindingly  
The while she drops the strawberries in).

SARAH NORDCLIFFE CLEGHORN, R. ’96.

## A SPANISH PRAYER

I LAY me down to sleep, O God,  
And pray that Thou wilt guard my soul ;  
But if I’ve sinned too deep, O God,  
To save my soul, then keep, O God,  
My body safe and whole.

JOHN ALBERT MACY, ’99.

## “METHINKS THE MEASURE”

METHINKS the measure of a man is not  
To save a state in midst of fierce alarms,  
Do noble deeds and mighty feats of arms,  
And feel the breath of battle waxing hot.  
There have been Cæsars whose more humble lot  
Forbade that they should bear the victor's palms ;  
Cromwells who never left their peaceful farms ;  
Napoleons without ambition's blot.

Not in the deed that 's done before the eyes  
Of wonder-stricken lands upturned to view,  
But in the will, though no occasion rise,  
And sleeping still, that dares such deeds to do,  
Is drawn the line which parts him from the clods  
And gives a man a kinship with the gods.

PERCY ADAMS HUTCHISON, '98.

## THE SONG OF LIFE

VAIN did he toil the dark night long  
To shape the lines of his master song ;  
At dawn he turned to a throngèd road,  
Where a man laughed loud 'neath a bending load.  
Then true, and clear, and sweet, and strong,  
His verse into deathless music flowed.

JOHN ALBERT MACY, '99.

## THE FIREFLY

FIREFLY lights his little lamp  
And blows it out again,  
Lest his haunt in dews and damp  
Should be seen of men.

Catch him, Anne, with dimpled hands,  
As he noiseless flits about ;  
With bedraggled tail he stands,  
All his lightning quite gone out,  
On your upreached palm, or crawls,  
Sober searcher, to and fro.  
To his leafy, lamp-lit halls,  
Little Anne, now let him go.

FULLERTON LEONARD WALDO, '98.

## THE GEOLOGIST

BEFORE him like a printed book  
The folds of earth lie spread.  
Under the magic of his look,  
The mold gives up its dead.

The years we slowly tell by clocks  
Are seconds in his ken.  
He reads long æons in the rocks,  
Ere men were sons of men.

JOHN ALBERT MACY, '99.

## THE BIRTH OF A BIRD

OUR God conceived the forest  
In His eternal mind,  
And realized its members  
Of every smallest kind.

He planted all the verdure,  
Each gently waving fern ;  
And loosened all the torrents,  
Each noisy mountain burn.

He made the fragrant air revolve,  
To stir the leafy halls,  
And fan among the mossy rocks  
Where'er the dewdrop falls.

And when He had provided  
For every growing thing,  
He yet devised an instrument  
Whereby the place should sing.

He took of all the fragrance,  
He took of all the flowers,  
He took of all the rivulets,  
He took of all the showers ;

He took it of the darkness,  
He took it of the light ;  
The spirit of the waning day,  
The breath of waxing night.

And from it all he fashioned  
The dainty Hermit Thrush,  
To sing his calm beatitudes  
With every evening hush.

RICHARD THORNTON FISHER, '98.

## WANDERLUST

THE voice of the winds is whispering low,  
Soft, like the hiss of blown dry snow.

It speaks from the shadows and dusky haze  
Where the winds have their home and the sky-kine graze,  
Where the mists of the oceans come and go.

The voice of the winds is singing clear  
Of the rock-torn coast where the gray gulls sheer,  
Of the unclogged stretch where the winds are free,  
Where the dolphins jump and the young schools flee,  
Where the white sails gleam and dance and veer.

The winds they are calling and calling to me —  
Oh, the stinging smell of the whipt salt sea !  
The shout of the waves and the glint of the spray,  
The whistling shrouds and the sheet-ropes' play,  
And the suck of the foam in the running lee.

*O men, then sail ye, sail for the land  
That lies just over the pale sky-line.  
Search, go search, you tireless band  
With the restless heart and the fearless hand  
And the foot that spurns the dead shore-sand,  
From the drowsy palm to the rustling pine,  
For the things that shall never be yours, or mine —  
Go search ye !*

FREDERICK MOULTON ALGER, '99.

## THE HERITAGE OF BATTLE

IN battle set our fathers met and a gift to us they gave ;  
The strength they won, from son to son, they left us at the grave.  
In faith they held their quarrel right, the foeman's quarrel wrong,  
And God inspired the weak to fight, and God inspired the strong.  
For God speeds all who, great or small, cry on His name to save ;  
And right or wrong, and weak or strong, our fathers battled brave.

The Saxon horde, freeman and lord, before the Norman fell ;  
But each man fought as though he wrought against the fiend of Hell.  
In my veins red the Saxon flows ; in yours the Norman runs.  
Our fathers bore the hate of foes, but peace is with the sons.  
We care not what dispute forgot our fathers had to tell ;  
Enough to know that foe to foe they fought their battle well.

Brothers by birth on common earth, the men of South and North  
Asunder broke like alien folk and flung their armies forth.  
My brother, you were born in Maine, and I in Tennessee.  
Buried with both our fathers slain let the dread quarrel be.  
They fought in pride and nobly died, bequeathing us their worth ;  
And God we thank for those who sank to consecrate the earth.

O'er nations proud the battle-cloud may burst to-morrow morn,  
And we shall yield or win the field, our vigor still unshorn.  
Our new-begotten will not care which side their fathers took,  
Or blame us for a cause unfair, save in a printed book.  
Our vaunted cause by newer laws to them may be outworn,  
But the fight we fight shall give them might the instant they are born.

JOHN ALBERT MACY, '99.

## THE MANSE AT CONCORD

APART from traffic of the world, in shroud  
Of moaning pines and solemn ash trees tall  
Where throbbing notes of red-breasts rise and fall,  
Green-mossèd stands the Manse, — gray grown, and proud  
Of ancient days. Here priestly sires have bowed,  
And priestly sons, in meek prayer pastoral ;  
When quiv'ring lips sang out the righteous call,  
The windows shivered 'mid the battle-cloud.  
Here trod the brooding, dark-eyed Puritan ;  
The soulful Scholar closed his yellow tome, —  
Spake forth, a haloed Sage, to wakening man ;  
The Patriot marched with Book and Band from home.  
Now, hushed as creeps yon dusky stream, the tide  
Of years flows o'er the Mansion glorified.

FRANK WILSON CHENEY HERSEY, '99.

## INTERPRETATION

CHILDREN at play upon the clean, gray sand  
    Making a sweet, small noise of grief and mirth ;  
    Yonder apart a boy of later birth,  
Child among children, marks the hard, wet strand  
With unskilled art and unperforming hand  
    (That barely mars the level face of earth), —  
    Writing his little thoughts of childish worth  
In characters none else may understand.

Made to be understood by one alone,  
The thought, read right, is yet the reader's own, —  
    You, little girl with wind-entangled hair,  
Read, if you can, the riddle written there :  
    Whatever meaning to your mind is clear,  
    That is for you, — take it, and have no fear.

JOHN FRANCIS BRICE, '99.



## A MEMORY

O DEAR, dear child! — for such you are to me  
Despite the passage of the elder years  
Since last your laughter sounded in my ears  
Beside the table set for dollies' tea.  
This is my friend. What need that I should see  
Proof of the power of time — traces of tears?  
Still to my heart your self-at-heart appears —  
Child as you were, so you shall ever be:  
'Mid the warm green, a heap of summer white —  
Tumble of scattered skirts — and, tailor-wise,  
The neat black stockings prettily bestowed  
Within the dancing slippers, dusty-toed;  
The brown hair smiling in the garden light  
Above the upturned face and sunny eyes.

JOHN FRANCIS BRICE, '99.

ZELDEUS ACCLAIMED WINNER

*At the Olympic Games*

TO-DAY there are such lyrics in the air,  
Such silent liltings of a breathless earth,  
Such irrepressible merriment, natural mirth,  
Such leap of blood, such relish in thin fare,  
That though the lover in me now might dare  
To fatten out his languish, slender girth  
With hopes whereof he knew but dearth,  
I am too full of happiness to care.

Not as an Eastern king whose senses reel  
With some forgetful vapor till they cease  
To take the welcome sway his power gives ;  
But by a clear health lifted up to feel —  
Great as a world-wide spirit, calm as peace —  
The perfect joy of everything that lives.

JOHN FRANCIS BRICE, '99.

## IN AN OLD COUNTRY

“ We travelled in the print of olden wars.” — STEVENSON.

WE passed to-day a fortress on a slope,  
Far looking o'er green fields and meadows fair,  
It seemed the scene was heavy with repose,  
No note of fear hung trembling in the air ;  
But yesterday we saw a river, famed  
For running red with blood in days gone by,  
Yet now the tide but barely seemed to flow,  
The quiet surface mirrored but the sky ;  
And now we stand alone upon a field  
Where kings have fought, and states once felt the blow —  
Look where the clover calls the passing bee,  
See how the spreading ferns are bending low !  
And everywhere that war has passed of old  
To-day the sun his golden wealth has poured ;  
We travel, yet we scarcely recollect  
We journey in the pathway of the sword.

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND, '00.

## SONNET

THERE shines the morning star ! Through the forlorn  
And silent spaces of cold heaven's height  
Pours the bright radiance of his kingly light,  
Swinging in revery before the morn.  
The flush and fall of many tides have worn  
Upon the coasts beneath him, in their flight  
From sea to sea ; yet ever on the night  
His clear and splendid visage is upborne.

Like this he pondered on the world's first day,  
Sweet Eden's flowers heavy with the dew ;  
And so he led bold Jason on his way  
Sparkling forever in the galley's foam ;  
And still he shone most perfect in the blue,  
All bright and lovely on the hosts of Rome.

WALLACE STEVENS, '01.

## MORNING ON THE SWAMP

THE night-born mists are lingering on the swamp  
Where water-fowl lie hid among the reeds ;  
The lily-pads are motionless, no breeze  
Disturbs the grass on which the red deer feeds.  
Then shoots a sunbeam over bordering pines,  
And like a finger clears the mists for day ;  
Soft ripples shiver on the smooth, gray pools,  
A heron, rising, slowly flaps away.

ROY PIER, '03.

## AN EAGLE'S FEATHER

LONE gray feather, fallen  
Like a flake of snow  
From the cloud-swept reaches  
To the earth below ;  
In what dizzy whirlings  
O'er the mountains high  
Hast thou, soaring upward,  
Brushed against the sky ?  
And beyond the limits  
Of the clouds hast flown ;  
Claiming all the boundless  
Heavens as thy own.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE, '04.

## WORDSWORTH

AND what was death to him? Only to lie  
Forever in the deep breast of the earth,  
And to become a sweet transmuted part  
Of the mysterious Nature that he loved.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE, '04.

## AN OLD ATTIC

IN through the gable window pours the sun  
Upon the sloping walls and oaken beams,  
Setting the dust a-whirl in slanting streams  
And lighting up old cobwebs long since spun.

Without there is the twittering of birds,  
And sound of children's laughter in the street,  
But here within it is so still, the beat  
Of my own heart seems to be throbbing words.

Relics of years long dead are all around —  
A harpsichord, a broken spinning-wheel,  
Dilapidated boxes that conceal  
Lavender-scented garments ribbon-bound.

It is a place half sorrowful, half sweet,  
Where one may go at dusk, and sit alone,  
Soothing the heart-ache of the day just gone  
With the dim memories of this old retreat.

CLAUDE CARLOS WASHBURN, '05.

## THE YOUTH

YOUTHFUL he sat astride his horse,  
And lifted his fair head  
Toward the glaring eastern sky ;  
His face was dim with dread.  
Then rose he in his stirrups up ;  
And shook his blade on high,  
And shouted with his boyish voice :  
"Thou bloody eastern sky,  
I know thee well. I am not dull ;  
You think to win us yet  
With fawning promises of joy.  
Your crimson you did get  
From blood of many yesterdays !  
This day will follow too,  
And in the mill of pain and death,  
Forget its joy in you.  
Yet will I not surrender — no !"  
He cried. His horse releast  
Bore him through vast and shadowy woods —  
Straight out into the East.

PALFREY PERKINS, '05.

## THE SONG OF THE SEA

HEAR the message that comes from the islands, the old cradle song  
of the West :

“ Though ye wander 'mid vineyards and olives, ye yet shall return to  
my breast ;

Though ye carve for yourselves other fortunes, my unwritten law may  
not lie,

In the sound of the sea ye were nurtured, in the sound of the sea ye  
must die.

“ I have called you from season to season, my calling shall follow you  
still ;

Though ye spurn it, it rings in your hearing, until hear it ye may,  
must, and will ;

Though ye strive to forget in your living the lessons I taught you of  
old,

By the touch of my hand on your heartstrings I shall make your  
desire grow cold.

“ I have taught you by precept and practice the prurient code of the  
world ;

I have shown you the green wreaths of laurel, and the standards of  
battle unfurled ;

In their worthiest shapes I have pictured all passions and strivings  
and fears,

That the haughty might yield you their prizes, and the lowly the  
wealth of their tears.

“ Though ye walk with an alien people, ye shall render your homage  
to me ;

Though ye triumph o'er continent nations, ye are ever the sons of the  
sea ;

For the ruling of years cannot alter, my unwritten law may not lie,

In the sound of the sea ye were nurtured, in the sound of the sea ye  
must die.”

HERBERT STRATHMORE WYNDHAM-GITTENS, '06.



## THE WINTER WIND

BLOWING cold, the North-wind blowing  
Over snow-fields, whistling, singing,  
Telling that the night is growing,  
Lakes are freezing, skies are snowing ;  
Biting, numbing, nipping, stinging,  
Little love to Nature showing ; —

What care I for all 't is bringing !  
Fast its coming, fast its going.  
Burns the fire ne'er so madly,  
Moves the love-tale ne'er so gladly,  
Sings the poet ne'er so sadly  
As 'mid sleigh-bells' distant ringing  
And the cold, loud North-wind blowing.

At the shutters vainly prying,  
At the door with fingers drumming,  
Round the gables moaning, crying,  
Telling of its long, long coming,  
Forests with their bare limbs humming,  
Mountains with their tall pines sighing,  
Tales of wild geese inland flying ; —

What of all its tales ! Its numbing  
Hath not reached our hearts. The fire  
Leaps with our spirits ever higher  
At its voice. What ears could tire  
Listening to the North-wind drumming  
And the roaring hearth defying !

JULIAN HINCKLEY, '06.

## ON A PRINT OF OLD JAPAN

WITH all the beauty of a yearning vine,  
Or osier bending low in fond caprice  
To stir a stream with liliated, trem'lous kiss ;  
Exquisite grace in every tender line :  
With all the tinted purple wealth of wine,  
Or wakening rainbow shades of morn remiss  
With wings dew-pearled to soar from Night's abyss ;  
With all this splendrous treasure that is thine,  
Thou hast enthronèd in thy diadem  
Of ruby and of gold, a godlike gem  
Suffused with strange-hued lights as if a part  
Of the eternal Mother's mystic heart :  
Enchanted pool that mirrors for our eyes  
The fairer Truths that from its Beauty rise.

JOSEPH HENRY BRECK, '07.

## FOREST SONG

THE dark-winged pine,  
The sifted blue  
In tender lace-work  
Gleaming through ;  
The mystic song  
In the voiceless hush,  
The patter of feet  
In the underbrush.

## THE BOY AND THE OTHERS

### *The Boy*

THE lichen climbs upon the wall  
To hear the hidden robins call :  
Every cloud across the sky  
Freely comes and passes by.

### *The Others*

Come in, come in, the stool is set ;  
Life give up and living get.

### *The Boy*

Robins on the apple-limb  
Are silent through these windows dim.

### *The Others*

Go forth as once you wished to do.  
Nothing more is left for you.

### *The Boy*

Give back my stool — I ask no more,  
The desk, the pen I loathed before :  
The lichen climbs not on the wall  
To hear the hidden robins call.

VAN WYCK BROOKS, '08.



## PART V

That stern device  
The sponsors chose that found thy cradle stood  
In the dim, unventured wood,  
The VERITAS.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, '38.



## STEADFAST IN THE FAITHLESS FAITH

WHEN the earthen-pot is crumbling under heel,  
When the silver cord is crackling 'neath the knife,  
When the gasping soul is wracking on God's wheel,  
When at last we come to losing of our life,  
Oh, may we faithless ones prove bravely faithless then,  
Prove steadfast in the faithless faith, before believing men !

HENRY BREVOORT EDDY, '94.

## LINES

PASSING a stately pile I found it marred  
By broken panes of glass and school-boy scrawls  
Of chalk, defacing all the lower walls,  
But later, looking back, I only saw  
Its spotless towers reaching heavenward.

So, when the friends that we have loved are gone,  
The faults that once to us seemed grave are small,  
The virtues overtop and crown them all;  
No more the lower earth-stained walls appear,  
But glorious towers shining as the sun.

MARK ANTONY DEWOLFE HOWE, JR., '87.

## A DEAD GIRL

WHAT had death to do with her,  
With her innocent, laughing eyes  
And her quiet curving lips  
With their softly spoke replies?

Had she but sidewise glanced,  
But sidewise glanced and smiled  
With a sunbeam on her hair,  
Even death had been beguiled.

ROBERT HIGGINSON FULLER, '88.



FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET

YEA! doubtless all things die ; this world 's a dream, we find.  
What fragmentary joy befalls us on our way  
Abides but as within the hand this flow'ret gay,  
Snatched by the harpy wind.

Yea! the first kiss of love ; yea! the first sweet low vows  
Which two fond mortals here exchanged in loving trust  
Were made beneath a tree stripped naked to its boughs,  
Upon a rock now dust.

And to their fleeting joy they call as witnesses'  
A flying heaven whose clouds each moment rack and change,  
And nameless stars that burn and perish, as they range,  
Of their own bright excess.

All dies : the fish in stream, the bird in leafy grove,  
The flower within the hand, the myriad insect race,  
Their very images th' unpitying years remove,  
With each forgotten trace.

Yet 'mid these crumbling spheres, joining their frail clay hands,  
Dazed by vague beams that for a moment gild their sky,  
They think to escape the Being who in shadow stands  
And sees His creatures die.

ARTHUR MARK CUMMINGS, '87.

## SAVONAROLA

My wasted limbs ye scourge and burn,  
Yet God shall set me free.  
Vipers and hell-dogs ! dare ye turn  
Your eager fangs on me ?  
God's lightnings blast your puny wrath !  
Ten thousand whirlwinds round  
Drive ye like stubble from my path  
And your weak might confound !

Peace ! Shall I speak His holy name,  
I who am stained with blood ;  
I who, when faith was tried by flame,  
Refused to bear my rood ?  
O Lord, I lift these trembling hands  
And bow this sinful head.  
Mercy ! for His dear sake who stands  
In my poor guilty stead.

Peace ! Yet the power within is strong ;  
I feel my heart aflame  
With wondrous prophecies ; and long  
To magnify His name.  
Poor weaklings of the sons of men,  
Lost sheep, why will ye die ?  
For you my spirit yearns as when  
Ye heard my first sad cry.

My God, thou knowest how my heart  
Was crammed with living coals ;  
From morn till eve I crouched apart  
And travailed for their souls.  
From even-fall till gray-eyed morn  
I paced my cell of stone,  
And seraphs well had turned forlorn  
To hear my sobbing moan.

Woe ! Woe ! My Florence, rail on me !  
And heap the fagots high ;  
An hireling Shepherd must I be,  
Whom God condemns to die.  
I thought to teach ; myself was fool,  
My lips were crumbling clay ;  
The Master breaks His worthless tool  
And flings it far away !

And yet, perchance, my seed may bear  
Rich fruit, a thousand-fold ;  
The dross we coin with anxious care  
God can transmute to gold.  
What ! See ! A crown, a radiant crown,  
Is hovering in the sky ;  
Lord, send this sweet assurance down  
To quench my agony.

Glory ! Sing glory, heavenly host ;  
Cherub and seraph, sing.  
God hath redeemed what once was lost ;  
With joy let heaven ring !  
Through sore defeat I grasp the prize,  
I triumph through the rod ;  
On these red wings of flame I rise  
And ride in fire to God !

ARTHUR MARK CUMMINGS, '87.

## THE SUICIDE

LIKE that faint wanderer, who through storm and sleet  
And clogging drifts dragged his reluctant feet,  
Then cast him down to die — when three steps more  
Had brought him safely to his father's door, —

He wandered helpless, hopeless, through the night  
And quenched his lamp, before its feeble light  
Had pointed out the pathway, which his fear  
Told him was not — yet lay, alas, so near !

LLOYD MCKIM GARRISON, '88.

## I FOUGHT A THOUSAND BATTLES

I FOUGHT a thousand battles,  
The enemy laid me low,  
I fought another battle,  
And put to flight my foe.

A struggling soul, not knowing  
My thousand-fold defeat,  
All faint and worn, saw victory  
My trailing banners greet.

With strength inspired and courage,  
Once more he took the field,  
Smote hard, swept on, defiant,  
And made his foeman yield.

CHARLES TILDEN SEMPERS, '88.

## FATE BUILDS OUR HOUSES WHERE IT WILL

FATE builds our houses where it will,  
And walleth our windows in ;  
No prayer can scale those towering walls,  
Nor holiness, nor sin.  
Full many a life imprisoned fast  
In the house that Fate hath made,  
Lovè's not its empty loneliness,  
The silence and the shade.

I said to my heart : Men's souls are lost  
In the common mold of the throng ;  
In the quiet scenes of solitude  
A soul grows great and strong.  
I would be strong to do my task,  
And fill my destined place,  
To run with honor, win some prize,  
In life's uncertain race.

I hear the racers and the shouts,  
I strike my prison walls ;  
I cry for freedom, and my cry  
Sounds through the mocking halls.

CHARLES TILDEN SEMPERS, '88.

## O POET OF THE DAWN

O POET of the Dawn, awake,  
The world is waiting for thee,  
For thee the frowning night clouds break,  
The morning light streams o'er thee.

Come, new-born bard with mighty song,  
The host of God assembles,  
Thunder thy song the peaks along,  
Till high Parnassus trembles.

Ye lesser bards with Pain distraught  
That wander in the night,  
Ye have not grasped the perfect thought  
That robes the spheres with light.

Ye have not touched life's deepest note,  
Whose song is Love and Death ;  
Your strings with feeble touch ye smote,  
Ye sang with faltering breath.

Low, low your eyes have holden been,  
Faith's pinions all untried,  
Death for your loves was endless Sin,  
And Hope with Beauty died.

Then sing not, poets, if your song  
Hath naught of hope for man ;  
To him that grieveth life is long,  
However brief its span.

We wait, O poet yet to come,  
Thy voice tempestuous, tender,  
Thine eyes filled with the night's deep gloom  
And the golden mid-day splendor ;

Thine heart all torn by life's deep woes,  
And yet despairing never,  
Thy soul new-born from Pain's fierce throes,  
Triumphant, strong forever.

Come, great-souled, poet-priest of God,  
With mighty faith and vision,  
On eyes that see the deathful sod  
Flash thou the scenes Elysian.

A flush of light smiles on our eyes,  
Night speeds, the world forsaking,  
O Poet of the Dawn, arise,  
The glorious morn is breaking!

CHARLES TILDEN SEMPERS, '88.

## DOUBT

Is it right to give man mind  
So circumscribed that it is blind  
To all save doubt?

Is it right? Did slave e'er ask  
The justness of a master's task,  
And find it out?

HARRIS PEYTON MOSHER, '92.

## SONG OF THE HUSSITES

Oh, the Mother of God sits sewing  
Up in her casement high,  
Whence she can look down on the red-roofed town,  
And pray for each passer-by.  
She has smiles for the little children  
That run at their nurse's knee;  
She prays for the bad, for the gay and the sad,  
She is pleading for you and me.

Oh, the Mother of God sits sewing  
Fair stitches, one by one,  
A garment all bright, of the pure samite,  
For our dear Lord, her Son.  
And she weaves in a glimpse of the morning,  
And she's spun in a bit of the sky,  
Like the flash of a wing where the starlings sing  
As the summer hours go by.

Oh, she weaves in the milky lilies  
That blow on the hillside wild,  
Where the pure breezes play through the livelong day  
Like the prayers of a little child.  
But the "Mother of Churches" sitting  
On her seven hills doth spin,  
With a scarlet cloud, a winding shroud,  
To wrap man's spirit in.

Oh, she's woven the warp with cunning,  
And the woof with secrecy,  
And she's stitching each seam with a darksome dream,  
By the craft of her gramary.  
She has woven in staff and mitre,  
Tiara and cope and cowl,  
With intonèd verse, like a muttering curse,  
Or the whoop of the hornèd owl.



And she's wrought in a red-gold fringing,  
With such beads around it run  
As a man might sweat when the sod is wet  
With the blood of a first-born son.  
Ah, then, praise we the gentle Mary,  
And laud we her dear Son,  
But a blight of Hell such as none dare tell  
Shall fall on the Roman Nun!

GEORGE GRISWOLD, 2D, '93.

### A FACE

Loose folds of skin that drape a mouth of guile,  
A sinuous, smirking vent of treachery,  
Hiding wild fangs that oft would hungrily  
Flash forth but for the facile covering smile;  
Sharp brutish nose that yet to strength knits wile;  
A traitor's ears; deep eyes that fascinate  
With luring vice and haunting spell of hate,  
And rouse dark dreams of Asia and the Nile,—  
Oh! such ignoble brow must Cain have turned  
Unto the desert and the wilderness;  
Keen in a Borgia's eyes may oft have burned  
That triumph-glow of utter wickedness;  
From Judas that cold, serpent smile was learned,—  
First plied when Christ the last great meal did bless!

## FORETHOUGHT

A CHILD was born to-night. When it was brought  
Back by the women where the mother lay,  
The father held it once, then let it stay  
Upon her bosom ; and the while was thought  
A future for it, — all that should be wrought  
In coming years ; how nobly in the fray  
Of life their son should battle ; men should say  
By his example they were grandly taught.

And this should be their son, this wondrous man,  
With fond eyes they should view his holy might ;  
And when their well-worn life-paths downward ran  
Unto the finish, then this splendid, bright  
Hero should help their going. They began  
Thanking God for him. The child died to-night.

LOUIS HOW, '95.

## SYMPATHY

SMALL sorrows may be shared ; the great abide,  
A costly, sad possession, all our own ;  
One helped to bear the cross up Calvary's side,  
But on the mount the Sufferer bled alone.

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES, '96.

## LIBERTY

I AM the light  
Through iron bars,  
Sweet as the sip from a rustic's gourd  
Lingers my kiss, and my battle sword  
Rings in the night,  
Beyond the stars.

I am the birth  
Of godlike minds,  
Armed by the deeds that are fearless sown ;  
Right is my life, and my breath is blown  
Over the earth,  
Down Freedom's winds.

MICHAEL FRANCIS CARNEY, '96.

## THE SALVATIONIST

WITHIN the little crowd he stood and spoke ;  
The torches glorified his face. No craft  
Lurked there. His lips in fervid anthem broke,  
And lo, a Harlot passed him by and laughed.

J. S.

## DANAE

SIMONIDES FRAGMENT 50

THEN fell the wind upon the troubled sea,  
And smote the chest of many-glinting hue,  
And fear came on Danaë,  
And close with loving arm she drew  
The little Perseus. "O my child," cried she,  
With tear-stained cheek, "what woe is come to me!  
But thou, e'en thus, upon my tender breast  
Dost find in sleep thy rest,  
Here in the joyless, brazen-banded ark,  
Lit by the gleam that flickers in the dark.  
O'er thy long, tangled hair  
The hissing spray doth fly,  
The voiceful breezes sigh.  
Ah, little dost thou care,  
Wrapt in thy purple robe, O face so fair.  
Woe is not woe to thee ; thy mother's word  
Thou hearest not ; yet may my prayer be heard ;  
Sleep, baby ; sleep thou, sea ; sleep, boundless ill ;  
And may some respite, Father Zeus, from thee  
Come speedily, or, if too bold my will,  
Have pity on my babe and pardon me."

JOSEPH PARKER WARREN, '96.

## FORGIVEN

VAGUE shadowland and ever-fading shore,  
    Hidest thou aught from me ?  
Is there sweet music hid beyond the roar  
    That lulls the restless sea ?

Shall I peer through the mist of early day  
    And watch the red sun rise,  
Bright with the glory of the far away  
    Imaginations of our dreamland skies ?

And then, by some unfathomed feeling stirred,  
    Wake to a happier grace,  
A tender song, a softly spoken word,  
    The fleeting vision of a lovely face ?

Hear on the wind an echo of time fled  
    And judgment come at last,  
Hopes that are gone and longings that are dead  
    And buried with the past ?

So, all forgiven, may the distant sky  
    Seem clear to me ;  
And shadows fade, and winds creep sweetly by,  
    Across a gentle sea.

PERCY LOUIS SHAW, '96.

## THE CYNIC

FROM out the toy-shop of the changing world  
A cynic fell. Like spinning top he came,  
On his own point e'er twisting, without shame  
He hummed his song in gaudy brightness furled.  
A thousand colors showing, swift he whirled,  
A thousand thoughts unfolding, each a name  
That had no substance, empty, bubble frame  
Of gaseous nothings into vapor curled.

Spent with his twirling, humming, spinning, reels  
The man-top, wildly striving for the goals  
That others reached for, but to him denied.  
Leaping toward life when coming Death he feels,  
E'en to the gates of heaven last he rolls,  
And Death there finds him lying on his side.

JOSEPH POTTER COTTON, JR., '96.

## THE MONK

HE stript him gladly of his robe well-worn  
To grayness, donned the Christmas cowl,  
Fresh in its inky black, with sombre scowl  
Stept to the Chapel in the dusk of morn  
To pray. Then, as he knelt, a sudden scorn,  
A pride crept on him ; in the silver bowl  
Of baptism he saw his image roll :  
Beautiful, clad anew, all freshly shorn.

He feels the devil. Hotly then he prays :  
“ O Mary, free me from this earthly pride !  
Because I have a garment must I stride  
In arrogance ? Oh, lead me back to thee !  
Tear me from out the smooth and selfish ways  
To the rough path of sweet humility.”

EDWARD GUSTAVUS KNOBLAUCH, '96.

## ONE WANING MOON

LIKE a withered petal blown on high  
From a shattered rose of June,  
Across a gusty, cloud-sown sky  
Drifted the shrunken moon.

It fell on waves that yelled for prey,  
It lit the wings of a gull,  
It shone on a rusting anchor that lay  
On the wreck of a drifting hull.

It glimmered on drunken alleys and lanes,  
On hideous chimneys steep ;  
It streamed through the little farmhouse panes  
On lips that smiled in sleep.

That smiled in sleep ; but a woman felt  
With bare, warm arms thro' the cold  
For a tiny heart that was still ; — she knelt, —  
And the moon in her hair was gold.

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES, '96.



## A FUTURE RETROSPECT

WHEN all the world is cold, dear heart,  
And all the skies are furled,  
We two shall look from Heaven's own gate  
Down on the empty world.  
Dear heart, the sorrow and the pain  
Shall never grieve us then,  
And we shall smile as we look down,  
Half weep, then smile again.

Our thoughts shall such soft pathos have  
As when a man shall come,  
From wanderings of many years,  
Back to a silent home, —  
Like sunshine on a vacant hearth,  
And ashes gray and cold,  
And ghostly squares upon the wall  
Where portraits were of old.

ROBERT PALFREY UTTER, '98.

## EASTWARD — AND WESTWARD

### AGE QUOD AGIS

Not in the power but in the will to do  
Lies the achievement of whatever end :  
He has no power who having will not spend,  
Who has the will has power sufficient, too.  
Let them that have the gift to guide men true  
See that they perfect what the heavens send ;  
The ardor of a moment roughly penned  
Grows lifeless when it ceases to be new.

O poet, you who stir our hearts with thought  
And shall cry back to us from out the dead,  
Scorn not the noble labor of the mind,  
Nor think your finest gold need not be wrought.  
Launch your free minstrelsy upon the wind,  
Not all too lightly built, too quickly sped.

### THE COWARD

“From battle, murder, and from sudden death,  
Good Lord, deliver us!” Not so, good Lord ;  
If but the loosing of the silver cord  
Bring me to Him (the manful toiler saith)  
Not empty-handed when He summoneth,  
Let Azrael without a warning word —  
By secret dirk or honorable sword —  
Arrest my strongest stroke, my sweetest breath.

Nay, rather from a life grown burdensome  
To me and all to whom I have been dear,  
From friends, dear friends about my bedside dumb,  
And aching eyes that smile to hide a tear, —  
Grieving for me when all should be care-free, —  
From long-drawn death, good Lord, deliver me.

#### A CRY FROM PORT

Unchallenged, men go far in these our days  
To where past men were born and loved and slain,  
Seeing strange things, or seeking moneyed gain, —  
But not a league in mere affection's ways ;  
To hail one friend with custom's formal phrase  
I found excuse to cross a sea — in vain ;  
Following the sun, I voyaged once again  
To greet another, dear beyond all praise.

Now you are faring seaward toward the dawn !  
And I, perhaps, shall not be there to say  
When you depart, "God speed you on your way ;  
All good go with you whereso'er you be."  
God speed you on your way ; and oh, for me  
God speed the weary months when you are gone.

JOHN FRANCIS BRICE, '99.

#### DOUBT

WHICH shall it be, tired brain and aching eyes, —  
Do this small thing that's easy to command,  
And gain the plaudits of the fickle crowd,  
Or that high thing they cannot understand ?

GEORGE DECKER MARVIN, '99.

## MADONNA

THEY paint her where the starlight lies  
Across the gloom of some dim place ;  
Their whiter lilies symbolize  
Mary's white face.

They sing of her in shady bloom ;  
In folded robes they dream her drest ;  
They cross her hands and plait her hair,  
And let her rest.

They pray to her at evensong  
In low-breathed alien mysteries ;  
Their incense rises through the glow  
Of sunset skies.

But where my gateway lantern swings,  
A woman pauses, weary-eyed.  
I meet her daily ; yet, behold !  
Christ, by her side !

Her tired hand is clasped in His,  
Her eyes look down, divinely dim,  
Transfigured by the love she bears  
The world, through Him.

So passes my Madonna. Look,  
The darkness shuts her out of sight.  
I dream of frankincense ; I saw  
Mary, to-night !

SARAH NORDCLIFFE CLEGHORN, R. '96.

## THE CATHEDRAL

HALF-FORGOTTEN echoes wake,  
Dusty, cobwebbed corners shake,  
As the Münster chime-bells take  
    Their vespersed tolling.

Groups of bashful maidens fair  
Fill the twilight-shadowed square.  
Ling'ring yet, they climb the stair  
    To their devotions.

High above the priestly drone,  
Lifts the fairest maid, alone ;  
Crimson-hued her robe of stone,  
    The sunlight's plaything.

Frozen work of vanished hands,  
Lost in evening prayer she stands,  
Her reeking censers, perfumed lands,  
    The world, her altar.

Homeward-circling pigeons rest,  
Gems upon her sunset crest,  
Bearing from the fading west  
    God's benediction.

Wan her laces grow and cold,  
As the sun steals back its gold ;  
Another day her life has told  
    With this fair even.

EDWARD LAWRENCE DUDLEY, '00.

## SAINT CATHERINE OF THE ORATORY

THE morning whitens on a waking world,  
Great bells peal forth a matin chime,  
The light burns dim before thine image furled  
In rosemary and thyme.

Sweet is the air with late lark's twittering,  
And through the tiny jeweled pane  
I see the sun-swept valley glittering  
Fresh from a balm of rain.

Forth would I go to learn the day, and hear  
Some inland forest's whispering voice  
Bid my soul's gladness rise in accent clear  
And with God's joy rejoice.

But if I left this narrow cell, what care  
Would keep thine altar bright, what knee  
Would bow all day in reverential prayer,  
Mother of God, to thee?

JOHN PITTS SANBORN, JR., '00.

## SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

IN Hell's remotest rim there dwells a man  
Self-banned. The light of Virgil's eye ne'er shone  
Upon him, ranging o'er dun fields alone,  
And Dante never saw his features wan.

No trace of passion mars his face, nor pride  
His soul encumbers ; but athwart his way  
A shadow lies, and dims the light of day :  
The man's Own Image stalks the landscape wide.

He dare not sing for joy at Nature's first  
Awakening, or when the dry leaves fall  
Drink meditation's balm. The curse of Saul  
Is his, blighting the freshness of his life.  
And e'er he cries, " O God, deliver me  
From this my soul, and take me unto Thee."

FREDERIC CARLETON GULICK, '00.

## THE EAGER SOUL

THE eager soul, impatient of success,  
Too seldom waits to hear the welcome call,  
But leaves the greater, seizes on the less,  
And holding that, thinks to have conquered all.

Impatient spirit, look with clearer sight ;  
Leave not thy labor till the work be done ;  
Cry not for other worlds to test thy might  
E'er thou hast truly gained this single one.

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND, '00.

## PORTRAIT OF CHILD

A LITTLE boy ! with happy sunny eyes  
Turned with a loving confidence to me,  
Knowing a world more vast, a land more free,  
Farther from earth than Summer's wondrous skies.  
A little boy ! whose painted image tries  
To call the childish voice which used to be,  
Back through the long, dim halls of memory,  
Where echo fainter grows but never dies.

After the long, long years that baby face  
No longer seems like sunshine died away.  
I in the Past remain : that childish grace  
Far in the Future lives, for which I pray  
In the dead midnight in a lonely place,  
Long listening for the birds at break of day.

CLARENCE RHODES SAUNDERS, '01.



## CHRIST IN THE WORKSHOP

*Suggested by a picture*

EVENING it was in Bethlehem, the sun  
Burst through the sundered clouds and bathed in light  
The peaceful town. The heralds of the night,  
The sunset beams, stretched longer one by one,  
Gilding a door, where Christ, his labor done,  
Stood weary, letting fancy take its flight.  
Around were tools and shavings of the wright,  
And sundry workman's tasks but just begun.

Happy he looked, forgetful of the dross,  
Which men call life ; and near him Mary sate,  
Happy as he, till suddenly his fate  
Rose and appalled her. Shuddering with fear  
She gazed, for out he stretched his arms and near  
Upon the wall his shadow formed a cross.

HARRY MORGAN AYRES, '02.

## THE SCULPTOR OF MELOS

FINISHED at last for all the world to see,  
My statue stands. A statue did I say?  
Nay, rather a goddess fair as Venus' self,  
When from her seashell in Cythera's foam  
She stepped in virgin freshness. O ye gods,  
Receive a sister in your high domain  
Worthy to mount a throne inlaid with gold,  
And share your royal banquet. What long years  
I've toiled to coax the spirit of my dreams  
Out of this Parian marble. Night on night  
I spent in sleepless visions, day by day  
I plied my chisel, guided by the hand  
Of great Apollo, he the artist god.  
Now it is done ; what then remains to do ?

Behold her ! Is she not perfection's self ?  
Her forehead smooth with hair in ample folds  
Drawn back above the temples, her pure brow  
And profile cleanly cut in classic line ;  
Then see the supple neck how softly curved,  
Those breasts where Mars might lay his warlike head,  
That slender waist, those round limbs molded through  
Their clinging robes — Ah, Zeus, but she is fair !  
Withal so noble. Would you care to know  
How I did form her ? There was once a maid,  
Her name Ione, and her beauty more  
Than mortal ever dreamed of. She it was,  
Who kindled in my eager brain the thought  
That I should make this Venus. She it was,  
In the first flush of girlish innocence,  
Who stood as model for me, and I loved her.  
But loving more my art, I told her not,  
Lest, grown self-conscious, all her virgin charm  
Should vanish in a blush ; and when I feared  
That love might touch her heart too soon, I spoke  
Of our great purpose till her languid eyes

Would light to think that she should be immortal,  
And she would sigh no more for earthly love.

So we lived on till yesterday, for then  
I struck the last stroke, and the statue stood  
Even as you see it now. But when I turned  
To fold Ione in my happy arms,  
My heart misgave me. For she was so pure  
With newly ripened beauty, that it seemed  
As if she too deserved to win the gift  
Of everlasting youth, just as the statue.  
At last I found a way and spoke to her.  
"Ione, now you stoop a thought too far.  
See! I must straighten you." And where her heart  
Was beating proud and guileless, there I drove  
My dagger — and she sank into my arms.  
Ah! then I kissed her wildly, pressed her close.  
My own Ione, mine forevermore!  
And both forever deathless, for above  
The statue gazed upon us, and I knew  
That Venus could not perish, and our souls  
Were both transfused throughout the marble there.  
And for myself — this life, what matters it?  
It may be I shall hie me to the wars,  
Or take the lover's leap. Why should I care?  
For death begins my immortality.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK, '03.

## TO ALDEBARAN

THOU that glowest in the sky  
With thy sullen, smould'ring light,  
Like a red and angry eye,  
Burning through the black of night ;  
Unto thee I sing my song,  
As the night winds pass along  
From the west, where sank the sunset,  
To the stretches of the dawn.

O Aldebaran, the red,  
Casting down thy bloody glow,  
Burning from the mad bull's head  
On the earth that lies below ;  
Wheeling slow above the west  
When the world has gone to rest ;  
Brooding o'er the silent darkness  
Where the low hills raise their crest.

Take me on thy wings of fire  
To the deep of darkness dim ;  
Let me quench my great desire  
Out upon the heavens' rim.  
Plunge with me into the night,  
Hushed of sound and void of light,  
Where dead suns and wandering planets  
Grapple in eternal fight.

Where thou goest would I go,  
Wheeling through the trackless gloom,  
Into paths I cannot know,  
Darker, stiller than the tomb.  
And at last, when comes the dawn  
And the dark of night is gone,  
I would follow thee, forever  
Moving thy great journey on.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE, '04.

## THE HEAD OF PAN

BLOW out the candle. For I fain would sit  
Here in the shadow by the firelight  
And watch the ashy logs a little while.

Methinks my eyes are tired, and my hand  
Has not the firmness it will have to-morrow  
After the long, deep rest. I was not wise  
To try to work when all the light had gone.  
And yet my chisel seemed to call to me ;  
I almost felt that now at last my hand  
Could carve in the still stone that living look  
That lightens through my brain.

I have worked somewhat long upon this head,  
This Pan that makes my glory when 't is done.  
There 's just one line, — one look about the eyes, —  
One chisel-stroke to bring upon the lips  
All the great meaning of the purple wine  
And the high moments of divinity.  
I know the look ; it sleeps within my brain.  
And yet to-night, as many times before,  
I could not make it hover on his face.

I am a little weary, and my work  
Seems not so sweet to me. I somehow know  
I was not born to do immortal things.  
I have so idly striven, and so long :  
I cannot, cannot carry out my dream.

—And yet, who knows, perhaps to-morrow morn  
One stroke may bring the light into his eyes.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE, '04.

## THE VOYAGERS

Two men put forth their little boats to sea, —  
One, ever wondering why he left his home  
And why his boat was thus condemned to roam  
Alone, unto that far unknown countrie,  
Let faithful tiller swing and ropes slip free.  
When winds whirled down and bared their teeth of foam,  
He raised white hands high to the eyeless dome,  
And sank, at vain war with eternity.

The other questioned not his journey's whence  
And why, nor, pondering, let the slack ropes run,  
But kept the seas from breaching his brave fort  
Till, keener with one storm's experience,  
He weathered all ; and, in a burst of sun,  
His small, tried bark came speeding into port.

AUSTIN TAPPAN WRIGHT, '05.

## MY SANCTUARY

PALE stars hung in the deep'ning sky  
Like altar candles shining far  
Thro' some cathedral dim and high.

And to the eastward, round and faint  
Above the low hills, rose the moon  
Like the pure halo of a saint.

PALFREY PERKINS, '05.

## THE ICONOCLAST

OUT of the gloom of ages long,  
That shrouded me since Earth began,  
I rise, a spirit new and strong,  
The stern and iron-handed man.

From superstition's black expanse,  
I come, the quick among the dead,  
Beneath the yoke of circumstance  
I have not bowed submissive head.

Each doubting tribe, each faithless race,  
Each idol false, each earthly god,  
All fall in turn before my mace,  
I break them with my brazen rod.

The lust of fame, the pride of kings,  
The power of church, the pomp of state,  
Are all to me but little things,  
I am the End, and I am Fate.

FREDERICK CARPENTER IRVING, '06.

## THE KING

VALOR and courage and spirit bold,  
Riches and splendid mien ;  
Power to have and the power to hold,  
Wisdom as never seen.

Men in their folly would have him king —  
"Born of the gods," they cry ;  
But the true gods laughed with a scornful ring  
As he fell 'neath a woman's eye.

WILLIAM FAY BOERICKE, '06.

“MARCHE FUNEBRE D'UN HEROS”

How quiet is the street !

It basks in silence and in sunshine, now  
Its hurrying footfalls all are gone to greet  
Death's march, to whose grim bidding heroes bow.

Has the heart ceased to throb

That pulsed life's clamor through these busy ways ?  
The silence that is prelude to a sob  
Has stilled the careless throngs of other days.

To-day, our hero goes

With music and proud colors to the grave ;  
Quiet awaits him and a long repose —  
Now, lend him rolling drums and standards brave.

But in this cobbled way

No sound tells of the near-by, huddled crowd  
That, hushed with awe, waits all the festal day  
To greet the measured march of pall and shroud.

Now, a far trumpet comes,

Slender as dronings of a single bee.  
And hollow throbblings of funereal drums  
Fitfully thunder like the distant sea.

The sounds gain breadth and strength.

Is it a dream of some old, cruel king,  
Whose ghastly triumph drags its weary length  
Through avenues of slaves, while trumpets sing ?

Strong in their high despair,

Loudly the horns wail ecstasies of grief :  
“There is no hope ! Our cries are lost in air !  
Where be our gods that they send not relief ?”



These end, and, in their pause,  
The mighty drums beat out a tread of Fate.  
And as they throb to silence, nearer draws  
Death, on his high, slow-moving car of state.

He passes. Tolling bells  
Tell of his course through the still city ways.  
Then, slow, regaining strength, the music swells  
To one great psalm of prophecy and praise.

Hark to the pealing strains !  
“ I am the resurrection and the life ! ”  
“ Praise ye our royal Death ; by him man gains  
Peace and the long triumphings after strife ! ”

And after, stillness falls,  
Till the great city wakes as from a dream.  
Carts rattle loud, and shouting, cheerful calls,  
Down the long street the chatting people stream.

## THE UNREMEMBERED

My lover has gone to Flanders,  
My lover has gone to war —  
And left me here  
To weep and fear,  
And find my peace no more.  
For with the hosts in Flanders  
He laughs and drinks his wine,  
And sings and sips  
Of Flemish lips,  
But thinks no more of mine.

My lover has gone to Flanders,  
And cried out as he went,  
“ Ah, pity me  
That go from thee  
To war's grim banishment ! ”  
Oh, warring hosts in Flanders,  
That fight and drink your wine,  
What wound of sword  
Or broken word  
Is half so deep as mine ?

HERMANN HAGEDORN, JR., '07.

## THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

WHAT are those lights that shine like stars  
In the cool, black water, still and deep?  
Oh! those are the brilliant eyes of Youth,  
That shall soon be closed in sleep!

What glows in the marble well, far down,  
Throbbing with blood, like the Holy Grail?  
Oh! that is the burning mouth of Youth  
That shall withered be, and pale!

What is that piteous sigh I hear,  
Like aching love's last, hopeless breath?  
Oh! that is the cry of the heart, when Youth  
Has sobbed itself to death!

HAROLD BELL, '07.

## EUPHORION

I SAW him in a dawn with promise new,  
    In the soft, golden light, which makes this world  
    Elysium ; through his dark-brown hair were curled  
The yellow-eyed narcissus, and a few  
Long, wistful violets, bright with morning dew,  
    As though with tears. Half thoughtlessly he twirled  
    A hyacinth, with buds but part unfurled,  
In a slim hand, held outward in my view.

In revery, beside the lake he stood,  
Which mirrored all the magic of his mood :  
    His pale cheeks, flushed with questioning surprise,  
    Shining like dawn-lit sails of venturous ships ;  
    The sweetness of the past upon his lips,  
    The sadness of the future in his eyes.

HAROLD BELL, '07.

## TO A MAN OF POMPEII

*Molded in plaster from a lava-impression*

THY features, fashioned thus like mine, eclipse  
These long two thousand years — the quiet grace,  
The posture calm, the face  
Fixed not to battle fate. Within thy lips  
There lies this gospel: "I have lingered long  
With cymbals and sweet song,  
And I have wandered forth as yesternight.  
These days have been to me  
Between two screens as flecks of candle-light:  
And I discern the near and ultimate shade.  
Enough, I have delayed  
Longer than such or such. The draught be deep!  
Enough, let me compose my hands, and sleep."

What man has bidden Him give,  
God sent him from on high:  
Manna to those who once desired to live,  
Ashes to these who trembled not to die.

VAN WYCK BROOKS, '08.



Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy jubilee throng,  
And with blessings surrender thee o'er,  
By these festival rites, from the age that is past,  
To the age that is waiting before.  
O relic and type of our ancestors' worth,  
That has long kept their memory warm,  
First flower of their wilderness! star of their night!  
Calm rising through change and through storm!

SAMUEL GILMAN, '11.





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